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WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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"FRIENDS" AMONG THE INDIANS.

LETTER FROM MARY B. LIGHTFOOT.

From the Friends' Intelligencer.

NOHART, 7th mo., 14th, 1869.

—— —— Your letter came to hand yesterday, and truly its words of love, interest and encouragement were very grateful. We do indeed deeply feel the breaking up of our pleasant social relations, and sadly miss the old familiar faces of our many precious friends, and often long for just one peep at the dear home and its surroundings. Still we are content, and trust we are not entirely out of our places; at least we find many things to do which certainly need doing outside of Thomas' specified duties, and we shall make the effort to perform them to the best of our ability.

But oh! dear friends, what a field for missionary work is here among these poor Indian women and children, and the men too, if any one could have the heart to undertake them. They are peaceable and friendly, and appear to have confidence in their agent; they come to him freely with all their complaints and wants, and we feel entirely safe among them; and as far as our own *personal comfort* is concerned, are doing very well; but as we look around and see the moral degradation and all the physical needs, to say nothing of the development of their spiritual nature, we feel restless and impatient to have some of the interest manifested in our late Yearly Meeting for this people, put into the shape of labor and funds.

The Indians here have plenty of land—the Government does much for them—provides schools, books, teachers, and it seems to us does all it can. They are smart and sharp enough, and were they only trained to habits of industry, cleanliness and economy, they could soon drop this miserable chiefship, give up the tribal arrangement, which keeps back and so wrongs the women and children, and become citizens; but this has to be done outside of Government, or rather by cooperating with Government, in the way of missionary work and in a true *missionary spirit.* This has been accomplished in Kansas in the case of the Delawares, who have broken up their old relations as a tribe, become citizens and engaged in farming and other avocations individually. In looking at all this from our own standpoint, we have exclaimed, oh! for a home or manual labor school into which could be gathered the many orphans and other girls and boys now roving about over the prairie wrapped in a blanket, often begging their food or going without; at night sleeping on the buffalo skins in wretched bark huts, the boys learning to smoke, chew and drink, and growing up to be as idle and worthless as the Indian men generally are, and the girls to the *position* and *fate* of an Indian squaw. Could they thus be gathered where they would have to drop their lingo, and acquire our language, and learn to study and work in a regular systematic way, having their hair cut, paint and dirt washed off, and a decent, comfortable dress put on them, it seems to us it would be what these poor children need. And we expect great things in this direction when that large Committee get fairly to work. They will find the "fields white unto the harvest," and no doubt they will put in their sickles. And now, as I have no commission, and this is not an official but a private letter, I am going to say that I do hope when that Committee send out their delegates they will not be all men. That experiment has been fairly tried, I think, with the Indians. The Department and Commissions have all been men, also the superintendents, agents, preachers, and mostly the teachers—consequently the interests of the women and children have been overlooked and things stand as they do, at least so it appears to me, and I speak only for myself. Now, would it not be well to try what the judgment, labor and influence of a committee of large-hearted, practical working-women, aided by men of the same ilk, to see to the bank-book, fill up the estimates and assist generally, would do? If one year under such an administration did not work a change for the better, then I would be willing to give it back. This reserve is nearest to Philadelphia and easiest of access, and the Society of Friends, if they see proper, can make their mark here with less trouble and expense than at some of the other reserves. No other religious society has had hold of this for years, and there is no prejudice among the Indians with which to contend. * * * * *

You ask about our surroundings, the face of the country, soil, etc. I have written so many letters that I cannot recollect what I wrote about in my letter to you, but I suppose it was of what at that time filled my mind and eye—the beauty and novelty of this prairie land. O how we do enjoy riding over it, and often wish you could all see and enjoy that which, when we are not on duty, gives us so much pleasure and satisfaction. I expect I have told you that this Indian farm contains 32,000 acres, extending about fifteen miles west from the Missouri, and five or six from north to south, the Great Nemaha being its northern boundary, the State-line of Kansas and Nebraska running through it. The agency house is a frame one, painted white, with green blinds—it is roomy and convenient. The out-buildings consist of a good barn, carriage, smoke, ice and hen houses. There are fifteen acres of land fenced in for the use of the agent; also a large and excellent garden, in which we found nicely-grown sweet corn, potatoes, peas, radishes, lettuce, etc., planted by the former agent before he knew he was to leave. We have since added sweet potatoes, beans, cabbage, etc. The little fields T—— has planted with corn and potatoes. There is plenty of pasture for our cow and two ponies; the water is excellent and near the door, and we have a draw well seventy feet deep with an iron-bound oaken bucket attached. As to the soil, my husband thinks it is No. one. We are told corn can be raised eight or ten years in succession on the same ground without fertilizers, and, from observation, we think vegetation is more rank and rapid than on our home-lands. Quite near our dwelling is the office and council chamber, under one roof: a low, white frame building. The office is furnished with a walnut desk and bookcase, stored with reports and documents concerning the affairs of the agency, a large walnut table in the centre of the room and comfortable chairs and benches around it. The council chamber is also used for the purpose of religious meetings and Sabbath-schools when needed, and is furnished with benches to seat the audience.

The employees on the reserve are a carpenter and blacksmith. There are dwellings and shops for each, also a trading house or store and schoolhouse.

The scenery of this reservation is varied in character; the southern portion is mostly high rolling prairie, from many points of which we can see for miles without the view being obstructed by even a tree, while along the thickly wooded bluffs of the Missouri and Nemaha, (the eastern and northern borders), we find the wildest, most secluded spots, said to be the home of the deer and wild turkey, though as yet we have not had a glimpse of either. This part has features and a beauty peculiarly its own. There are some points we should like to have photographed: small open spaces, certain grouping of trees, etc. Mid-way between these runs a strip of land with more thinly-wooded hollows or bushy ravines, in which are found springs of excellent water. One of these just below our house, we are told, is the abode of rattlesnakes and a species of large blacksnake, which sometimes have visited the agency kitchen, but we have not yet made their acquaintance; the story, however, has made an impression, and we do not go off the door-step after dark.

Did I tell thee about my First-day school? Well, it is still in existence and pretty well attended,—the scholars come straggling in from ten to one o'clock, thus managing to occupy the best part of my First-day. If they could all speak English, I think I could interest and do them some good; as it is, I do not know that it is of much account, unless it should induce some to wash and comb up a little, and, as we are told that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," perhaps it may count in that direction. Last week I read the commandments and talked a little about them, also the "sermon on the mount," and some scraps of poetry, such as they could understand and appreciate. I have read the two poems by Samuel M. Janney,—there were several chiefs and the interpreter present; they seemed pleased and interested, but I fear I shall run out of suitable reading matter; do send me some.

But my *special* interest is in the day school, which I took charge of the first of this month, the teacher having resigned. The account she gave of it was not encouraging. The ex-agent, employees and all have told me that the school has never been a success. In the first place, the children could not attend, secondly, they could not speak English, and moreover they would not apply themselves if they *did* come, and *could* talk. But you know my hope is large, so I concluded to undertake it for a time, and even if *I* fail, I shall still believe that some one with more faculty and patience can make this school amount to something.

Well, the opening came—and what a scene presented! A company of unwashed, uncombed, painted, ear-ringed, braceleted little human beings! Boys from six to fourteen, with no covering but a calico shirt coming to the knees, and a filthy blanket wrapped about them which they threw off when they sat down or went out to play. Young girls just coming into womanhood, bareheaded and barefooted; their only garments a calico skirt, a sort of blouse hanging just below the waist. They also had a blanket around them or on their arm. Out of twenty-three only four could or would utter one word of English. These four are beginning to read a little—the rest appeared to know nothing, and would do nothing but talk Iowa and repeat the alphabet after me as I pointed to each letter with my pencil. I felt that this was more than I had bargained for; but perhaps time and patience may work out something better. The filth and nakedness I could not endure. I had no resource except my own pocket, which I did not very much like to fall back upon. I thought of the committee of forty, and the funds at their disposal, and had faith that they would make it all right were they only here,—but they were not, and I could not wait to write; so at the end of three days I went to White Cloud, our nearest store, five miles distant, and bought basin, towels, soap, six dollars worth of stuff for pants and eight yards of calico for aprons. Next day I sent the children home for their mothers, and S— and I went to work cutting out. She cut the aprons, and had the little girls to make them under her superintendence. I attended to the pants. The mothers sewed all day, and came back next morning and finished several suits. I have three suits left on my hands for some who have no mothers. The children were well pleased, and one little fellow who lives two miles away came over early next morning for milk; his pants were finished, but not the little jacket to which they were to be buttoned, but he had the pants on, holding them up with both hands.

Now I have all who need it to wash as soon as they come in, and really the washing and the blue pants are quite an improvement. I am not prepared to say how soon or how rapidly the "young ideas will begin to shoot," but one thing I do know, that not speaking the language is a great obstacle: and one reason why those tribes where mission and manual labor schools have been established, have progressed faster than this is, the children are not allowed to talk Indian, and again they are away from home influence.

We had a long conversation the other day with a gentleman who once had been Superintendent of one of these missions. He spoke encouragingly, though he says it is a great labor to get them under way aright, and good results come slowly; he knew, however, it could be done, but it required money, patience, faith and time. We are becoming interested in this people, and I am getting particularly interested in my children and hope much for them. When the committee come, I hope they will bring out some sun-bonnets and apron patterns, and a pillow-case full of thread, cotton, buttons, tapes, etc. Also a lot of fine-tooth combs; these things will be of great use to the poor squaws, and the last-named article will be a particular comfort to me as well as to the poor little papooses.

Tell H—— and C—— I have named two little boys for them. I am giving them English names, as I cannot think of learning theirs. I have named several after Friends in the East. When I get through I will send a list.

I hope you will feel like writing to us often. Letters are our "city of refuge" from homesickness and discouragement. We have all been in excellent health thus far. The children in much better spirits than at first. Yours truly,

M. B. LIGHTFOOT.

[Contributions in aid of the benevolent work in which the writer of the above interesting letter is engaged may be sent to either of the following, members of the (Friends') Executive Committee on Indian Affairs: *Committee on Indians.*—Franklin Haines, 212 Henry street, N. Y.; Samuel Willetts, 303 Pearl street; Wm. Henacy, 40 East Twenty-first street; Edmund Willetts, 44 Barclay street; Hannah A. Haydock, 212 East Twelfth street; Phebe Anna Thorne, 524 Fifth avenue; Lydia Ann Lockwood, Brooklyn, Rachel Hicks, Westbury, L. I.—ED.]

"CONSERVATIVE REPUBLICANS."—THE SOUTH.

WASHINGTON, August 23d, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE *National Republican* of this city is the organ of the Dent-Walker-Senter "Republicans!" A party made up of Copperheads, unreconstructed rebels and office seekers without any principles whatever. This organ usually exhibits decided symtoms of hydrophobia whenever the idea of enforcing that portion of the reconstruction laws of Congress known as the test oath is advanced, but on other occasions, though edited it is said wholly by copperheads, it maintains the character of "*a conservative radical Republican journal.*" In order to keep up some show of Republicanism it publishes in this morning's issue the following truthful letter, but manages at the same time to discredit it by putting it under the head of "*Alleged* outrages in Tennessee:"

NASHVILLE, Tenn., August 16th, 1869.

To the Editor of the National Republican:

SIR: The following is clipped from the Louisville, Ky., *Courier and Journal*, of the 13th inst., viz:

"NASHVILLE, August 12th.— * * * The excitement of the late political canvass has completely subsided. Tennessee is as quiet to-day as at any time in her history, and her people are in the best of humor. They have gone to work full of hope for the future, with no idea of circumscribing the rights of any man of any race or color."

Now, do the facts warrant such a statement? Let us see; and for obvious reasons, not desiring to expose the parties to further violence or risk of life, I will omit names. The facts can be well substantiated by living witnesses to the outrages below enunciated.

On Monday evening of last week, in an adjoining county, the rebels were out *armed to the teeth* on their mission of darkness and cruelty. They visited the homes of several Union families. At one place they took the man's gun and robbed another man, who happened there as a visitor, of his pocket-book containing only 35 cents—all the money he had. On the same evening they met another Union man on the road, and after robbing him of his pistol they beat him severely over the head and otherwise brutally abused him.

On the same evening they visited another Union man's house, but found him not at home. They stole his gun, of course.

On the same evening they visited another Union man's home, took his gun and pistol, and beat him most unmercifully. They also beat the man's wife and two of the rebels forced the daughter, quite a young girl, into bed and accomplished their hellish designs upon her person. After leaving the house they fired several shots into it, one of which took effect in the leg of their little boy, wounding him very severely.

It is believed that the foregoing are but *in part* the outrages committed by these men on that evening, and it will not do for those who suffer at their hands to make complaint or give any information that would lead to their punishment, if, indeed, it were possible that a jury could be found that would inflict any punishment upon them. The lives of those who would attempt to prosecute the perpetrators of these outrages would indeed pay the forfeit for so doing.

On the Wednesday evening following, at a religious meeting of the Union people, the rebels again were out in armed force and went to the meeting and while there behaved in the most shameful manner, brandishing pistols and clubs in the meeting-house among the men, women and children assembled there for religious worship.

A Mr Thayer was brutally beaten in Rutherford County, and a severe castigation was inflicted upon the person of Mr. Barbour, a citizen of Connecticut, who made the canvass with Gen. Stokes, on the public square, in the city of Nashville. These are both of late occurrence—*since the election*, and were solely on account of politics.

Threats are made pretty freely and openly by the now exultant rebel democracy that the prominent Union men who took active part in the organization of the Radical party in this State must leave at once; *their presence is obnoxious, and cannot be tolerated.* They are not unfrequently heard to say, "it is our day now," and so-and-so, naming them, "will have to leave." A colored man of influence, in a conversation with one of the ex-supreme judges of the State, who is known to be of warm rebel sympathies, and somewhat bitterness of heart, (the latter supposed to be caused by late political disappointments), on Friday last, in this city, inquired as to the whereabouts of a prominent Union man and leader of the party in his county, if he had yet left the county, expressing great surprise when a negative answer was made to his inquiry! Other instances might be enumerated. Witness the rigid proscription of Union men in business and every other way that can be devised. Who can successfully deny this?

The very fact that some of the Democratic newspapers here denounce all this outrage, is evidence of itself that such a state of affairs exists, and there is no use in concealing or denying it. When is it to cease? When shall we indeed "have peace?"

It is notorious that the men, if indeed they are entitled to being so called, who engage in this hellish work were invariably the supporters of D. W. C. Senter, while those who have been their unfortunate victims, were invariably supporters of W. B. Stokes in the late gubernatorial election in Tennessee.

"The excitement of the late political canvass" has *not* "completely subsided." "Tennessee is" *not* "as quiet to-day as at any time in her history," while "her" rebel-conservative-democratic "people *are* in the best humor and," as will be seen by the foregoing recital of facts, "*have gone to work* full of hope for the future, with no idea of circumscribing the rights of any man of any race or color," *providing always* that no man of any race or color interferes politically against them, but lends them his active support. Respectfully yours,

RADICAL.

THE Democratic press of Tennessee sees its danger with A. Johnson in the Senate, and is trying to persuade itself (and him) that he can't or ought not to be chosen. The Memphis *Avalanche* says he has stated that he wants no office, and insists that his wishes shall be gratified in that respect. The Jackson *Tribune* very clearly intimates that Johnson is not wanted in the Senate, and that it would be detrimental to Tennessee interests to send him there. The Nashville *Banner* devotes two columns to this subject, and demonstrates that it would be unwise to send A. J. to the Senate. Meanwhile, A. J. presses on to his high prize in the new "circle" of political preferment. In his latest speech he is characteristically novel and modest. Here is a specimen: "I thank the people of Tennessee for the kindness and regard with which I have been welcomed all over the State. I have no concealments to make. *I never played false to the people.* I never concealed my motives. If our government is ever restored, then will the principles enunciated in my two last annual messages to Congress be the bases of the restoration."

MR. GREELEY'S ATTENTION.

From the Philadelphia Morning Post.

A FEW days after the Tennessee election the *Tribune* pointed out the result as a triumph of Universal Amnesty, and added, "We rejoice that such is the case." "There are two distinct objections," Mr. Greeley said, "to the policy of perpetuating the disfranchisement and exclusion from office of those who were prominent supporters of the late Rebellion: 1. It is unjust and unwise. 2. It is impossible.

Now we have another interpretation of the Tennessee election, from no less an authority than the Hon. Brick Pomeroy. In the New York *Democrat* he says:

"The defeat of the infamous Stokes in Tennessee, and the election of Senter for Governor, is a rift through the hell-begotten pestilence of Brownlowism, and a pillar of fire to warm the gallant Democracy of that terror-stricken State into renewed life.

"Down to hell with Stokes, Brownlow, and all the other violent, rotten, treacherous, selfish, corrupt whelps of Puritanical, fanatical, double-dealing perdition, who have or may follow in their political wake."

The odds are against Mr. Greeley. Scarcely a Republican paper agrees with him that the Tennessee election is something to rejoice over. But all the Rebel and Republican journals are delighted with the result.

Can Mr. Greeley explain this? We have generally found that whatever delights gentlemen like Brick Pomeroy and Andy Johnson, grieves the true friends of the Union.

FREE SUFFRAGE IN TENNESSEE.

From the Mobile (Ala.) Nationalist.

IF any Republican is so credulous or unsophisticated as to suppose that the alliance formed between the great mass of the party and the old line Democrats, to secure the election of Senter, indicates the reception of more enlarged ideas, or liberal principles by the latter, let him be immediately disabused of such a thought. The Republicans were used as mere cat's paws to pull Democratic chestnuts out of the fire. They have been betrayed by treachery; outwitted, taken in, "bamboozled" to an extent that would be farcical in the extreme were it not the profoundest tragedy in effect.

The State, through the complicity of semi-Republicans, has passed to the control of the Democrats; and already we witness the foreshadowing of their *regime* in the attempt to murder Barbour for having actively engaged in the canvass for Stokes; and the murderous Ku-Klux notices which have been served upon prominent Radicals whose *permanent* absence from the State is rather emphatically requested.

As an earnest of what may be expected from the two years' rule of the party in power, read the following from the Memphis *Post:*

"At Moscow, Tennessee, on the day of the recent election, a white man was leading a colored man, who had no registration certificate, up to the polls to vote the Democratic ticket. A colored man, named Robert Hill, knowing that the man going to vote had no certificate, asked him how he could vote without a certificate, and challenged his vote. The white man insultingly demanded what he (Hill) had to do with it. Hill replied that he had a heap to do with it. The white man angrily told him that it was none of his business. Hill replied that it was as much of his business as any body's. At this the white man drew his pistol, a navy six, to shoot Hill, who at once knocked the pistol one side and clinched him. While this was going on another white man came up behind Hill, and without saying a word, shot him once in the hand and once in the back, the latter ball going through his body, near the heart, causing death in a short time. Most of the colored men immediately dispersed, and the few who had the courage to remain to assist their friend thus foully murdered, were soon driven away, and some of them now dare not return to their homes on account of the threats made against their lives. The above account is from an eye-witness."

AFFAIRS IN MISSISSIPPI.

"STIRRING UP STRIFE."

From the Mississippi Pilot.

THE Republicans can't make a move in this State, nor peaceably hold a meeting in any locality, but forthwith they are accused of "stirring up strife," and arraying the blacks against the whites. Now we desire to say once for all, that there is not the slightest grounds for such accusation. Meetings are sometimes held, and by both parties—some of these meetings we have attended—and so far from stirring up strife, the spirit of the resolutions usually passed, and the tone and temper of the speeches we have made and listened to, have all the opposite tendency. The trouble is, our Democratic opponents want the thing all their own way in certain counties as they had it last year. And it seems to annoy them—make them angry when our party asserts its equal right to canvass the people with themselves. Then the accusation comes with an ill grace from a party whose Ku-Klux bummers are found at every public meeting, armed to the teeth, and prepared to break up meetings, shoot, slash, cut and scatter every crowd which does not reflect the views of the violent, intolerant, and ostracising Democracy. We are aware that the best portion of the opposition in these counties do not *with their lips* approve such conduct. But we have got to learn the first instance where these highly *respectable* men have combined in any locality to put down such murderous manifestations. Hence, if strife is being stirred up, it is the fault of those who give countenance, even by silence, to the mob spirit which exhibits itself whenever an election canvass is in progress. Men are being killed all over the State, and even religious meetings are being broken up almost daily by bands of "regulators" and Ku-Klux assasins. *But this is not stirring up strife.* If Republicans and colored people who are suspected of having sympathy with the Republican party, exercise the rights of American citizens to peaceably assemble for political or religious purposes, the sanctity of that right can be violated with impunity, and *it is not stirring up strife!* But let a speaker or preacher drop an unguarded expression, and without allowing explanation, he is forthwith heralded as a disturber of the of the peace, and the hounds of Democratic intolerance are set upon his track. And this is peacable Mississippi. And this the guaranty Democracy offers for fair discussion and protection. There never was such hollow mockery—such transparent sham as the Democratic party hold up as a show of fairness and liberality. "Let us have peace."

THE SITUATION IN TEXAS.

GALVESTON, Aug. 17th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Dear Sir:—From the following letter to *Flake's Bulletin* of to-day, August 17th, it will be seen that the terrible condition of affairs prevalent in the south-western portion of this State has not at all mended. Indeed it seems nothing has yet been done to suppress these outrages, by the feeble Commandant—Reynolds—who controls the affairs of this Military District. A gentleman, an eminently worthy citizen, just from these "Chonans" of ours having been obliged to flee for his life, informs us that these desperadoes are now on their way to Milles County, to the town of Corpus Christi, where Gen. Davis, our Republican candidate for Governor, resides, with the evident purpose of killing the General. Should this be attempted, however, a very warm reception, it is understood, will be given the ruffians. We ask and implore, through the all-powerful medium of the Northern press, that at least a Commandant may be given us whose vigor of action and energy of character may insure comparative security. Yours, GALVESTONIAN.

LETTER FROM WESTERN TEXAS.

REFUGIO COUNTY, Aug. 4th, 1869.

Editor Flake's Bulletin:

Since my last, the Vigilance Committee, of which I made mention, have committed some frightful excesses, beginning with the killing of poor old Sheriff, Jacobs V. Tanno Stapp. Up to this time we have heard of some fifteen or eighteen murders, the details of which are too horrible to write. Three or four days since two more victims were added to the list in Goliad County, both white men. From thence the mob made a descent into San Patricio County, and at daybreak of the morning of the 2d inst., attacked the house of Jno. Shoat, killing his nephew, Crocket Shoat, and a child, and mortally wounding John Shoat. The Shoats fought desperately in their own defence, and three of the Vigilance Committee were killed. This Vigilance Committee pretend to be acting under military authority, and certainly, the boldness with which their proceedings are carried out, might induce some to so think, but sir, if so, certainly the commanding General little knows who he has clothed with authority, the inhumanities already committed, or the terrible consequences sure to follow all this murder and bloodshed.

The last victims, the Shoats of San Patricio, your correspondent is well assured by those intimate with them for years, are among the best citizens of the county. And these last murders seem to have aroused the citizens of this county to a sense of their situation; and unless the commander of the 5th Military District speedily interferes for the protection of life and property, fearful, I fear, will be the consequences.

If these men are armed with military authority, why all this midnight assassination, and stealthy movements of masked men? Citizens are taken from their houses, at the dark hour of night, marched a short distance from their dwellings, their wives and children shrieking with fright, and shot down in cold blood! Will any one pretend to say that this is by the authority of the Government of the United States? No sir, the United States Government is no party to such proceedings, whatever may be thought of it, by some of its bitterest enemies here in the West.

For the present I forbear to say more of this matter. The authorities at Austin have been informed of what is transpiring here, it is for them to act.

The weather here for the past week has been unusually hot and oppressive, but still no sickness on the coast. There will be some little corn saved on the Rio San Antonio, and Guadalupe, but there must be great suffering among the laboring classes, before another crop of corn be made. Yours truly, E. P. U.

THE TEST OATH IN VIRGINIA.

From the Chicago Tribune of August 18th.

THE Chicago *Times* is in a pious fervor over the intelligence from Richmond that Gen. Canby will, in a few days, issue an order convening the Legislature of Virginia, and that he will require the members elect to take the test oath required by the Reconstruction acts; such of them as cannot take it will step aside and their seats will be given to the candidate who received the next highest vote. The test oath excludes perjured rebels; *i.e.*, all those who, having previously sworn officially to support the Government of the United States, took up arms for the rebellion. Enough of the Conservative members elect are of this class, we believe, to transfer the majority from the Conservative to the Radical party, and therewith the election of two United States Senators. The case of Georgia is cited as a precedent for waiving the oath, and it is claimed that in that case Gen. Meade was instructed to waive the oath by an order transmitted from Washington through Gen. Grant's office. The oath was certainly waived in the case of Georgia, but as we remember by the action of the Legislature itself in organizing, and not by the order, certainly not by more than the acquiescence, of Grant. Whether this was lawful or not, the effect was not calculated to justify a repetition of the blunder. Under that waiver about thirty unqualified rebels unlawfully took their seats, and characteristically repaid the generosity with which they were admitted by turning around and expelling the colored members, without whose assenting votes they could not have been admitted. Waiving the test oath worked badly in Georgia. Hence probably the determination to enforce the law in Virginia. Besides it must be borne in mind that during the Georgia case we were under the reign of an administration whose principal business was to waive the enforcement of the laws and to enforce only "my policy." But a part of President Grant's policy is to enforce the laws. As the law requires the oath to be administered, the President, through Gen. Canby, will enforce it. The fact that it gives the Radicals a majority of the Legislature and two United States Senators, if it shall have that effect, will form neither an inducement nor an obstacle.

WHOLESALE MURDER OF UNION MEN IN NORTH CAROLINA.

NEWBERN, N. C., Aug. 26th.—For a long time past detectives have been engaged in Jones and Lenoir Counties in ferreting out the perpetrators of the many cold-blooded murders which have there been committed, and their labors have not been in vain. On Tuesday, Aug. 24th, eighteen persons were arrested in the vicinity of Kinston, and lodged in Newbern jail. Since that time eleven others from the same locality have voluntarily come forward and made affidavits to the most startling disclosures. Fearing lest swift punishment for their crimes should overtake them, they have chosen to reveal all, hoping thus, to secure leniency to themselves. In these affidavits they acknowledge that they have each been cognizant of, or engaged with one or more of the prisoners referred to, in taking the lives of nearly forty Union men since the close of the war. They give the particulars of the cold-blooded butchery of the prisoners taken from Kinston jail last Spring, and murdered upon the bridge over the Neuse River, near that town. They swear to the murder of three United States soldiers (colored) who were visiting their friends at Kinston. These soldiers are supposed to have returned to their regiment and are doubtless reported on the roll of the latter as deserters. There have probably been more than two hundred horses and mules stolen in Lenoir and adjoining counties since the war, and these affidavits account for the greater portion of them. These men all profess to be Democrats and members of the Ku-Klux-Klan, now known as the Constitutional Union Guards (C U. G's). They implicate in their statements many of the most prominent Democrats of this section. The C. U. G. is a widespread organization, extending not only through North Carolina but many other Southern States. No less than four leading Republicans of Newbern had been designated to be killed by members of this same Lenoir County band of C. U. G's, before their arrest. The prisoners are now awaiting examination by the Circuit Judge.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY DABBLES IN OHIO POLITICS—THE DECLINATION OF GENERAL ROSECRAN—OPENS A FIELD FOR HIM WHICH HE IS NOT LOTH TO ENTER—HE ANNOUNCES HIMSELF AS A CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR IN HIS MODEST WAY.

From the Toledo Blade.

PEPPER'S TAVERN, HOLMES Co., O., August 9th, 1869.

THERE wuz a Providence in my bein compelled to leave Kentucky—a special and crowning Providence in my comin to Ohio. I shel never doubt Providence agin. I thought it hard to be compelled to leave my comfortable quarters at the Corners, and I murmured when forced to trust myself to the charities uv an unfeelin world at my advanct age, but it wuz after all, for the best. Ez high and exalted ez is the posishen uv a Kentucky postmaster, the posishen uv Governor uv the third State uv the Yoonyun is more exalteder.

The declinin uv Gen. Rosecrans wuz not onexpected. Indeed, when Senator Thurman started for California, the next day after the convenshen, to indoose him to decline, I knowed he would succeed. Thurman hez a winin way with him, ez Vallandygum discovered two years next winter.

Rosecrans wuznt never the proper man to lead the Dimocrisy uv Ohio to victry. No matter how sound he may be on all the questions now before the people, there is an odor attached to his name wich is a stench into our nostrils, and the men wich run our State Convenshun ought to have knowed it. The troo Dimocrat intelleck is limited—it don't take in too many ideas to wunst, nor does it shift with facility. Doorin three years uv the late onpleasantness we wuz kept bizzy trainin the Dimocrisy to hate this name, with such as Burnside, et cetery. We succeeded. About the time of the fightin uv the battles uv Stone River, Iuky, Chicamauga, and partikerly about the date uv the arrest and exile uv the martered saint, Vallandygum, the very mention uv Rosycrans' name wood set any Dimocrat in Ohio to frothin at the mouth like a mad dog. The Dimocratic antipathy to the name ain't changed. We mite tell em that this same Rosycrans wuz our candidate, but the people wood, in moments uv forgetfulness, heeve stones at any man who wood perpose "three cheers for Rosycrans!" They'd apolygize immejetly when they remembered themselves, but kin an apology pay for a broken head? Half uv our orators wood hev ben killed before the campaign wuz half over. There ain't no yoose in trying to git up enthoosiasm under any sich circumstances.

Now that Rosycrans is out ov the way, the question is wich ov our chieftains shall take his place?

For obvious reasons, it wood be suicide to nominate Vallandygum. He can't get a Republican vote, and ther are hosts uv Democrats who don't like to hev it sed they voted for him out of regard for their posterity. It won't do to nominate Cary, for he's too recent a convert, and, besides, he used to occasionally lecter on temperance. Ranney won't anser becos Ranney aluz wears clean shirts; takes a bath twice a week, and goes somewhere to church with his family every Sunday. He would doubtless git some Republican votes, but he'd lose more than enuff uv the Democracy to balance the account. Henry Clay Dean wood soot exactly, but he lives in Iowa. Jessee D. Brite wood anser, but he is a citizen uv Kentucky. Sam Cox hez allus lived cleanly, though he is sufficiently versateel to change all that in time, but unfortunately he's in Spain, and besides he's a citizen of Noo York.

Who, then, shel we nominate?

I anser without hesitashen, without any affectashen uv modesty—ME.

I am just now the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. I am the Moses which is to leed the Democrisy uv Ohio out uv their land uv bondage into the land flowin with milk and honey.

One advantage in nominatin me wood be—there aint no danger uv my declinin. I never decline nothin.

It may be urged that I aint known. That's the very reason why I shood be nominatid. What wood Vallandygum give if he wuzn't known? We never succeed with a known candidate. We kin say in counties where they prefer men whose hands wuz drencht in goar that I killed my thousands; in counties where they went for peace, by killin provo marshals and sich, that I wood hev died in my dooryard, ef I'd hed one, sooner than hev gone South.

My other pints are ez follows:

I kin hold more uv the Dimocratic party strate in traces than any other man in the State. I wez originelly a Democrat; I voted for Jackson and for every Democratic nominee from that date to the present. It is my proudest boast, wich I wish inscribed onto my tombstone, when I hev gone hence—I never scratched a tikkit. My war record is clear. At the breakin out uv the war I opposed everything the government did. I did not stun the Massachoosetts soldiers in Baltimore becoz I wuz not there, but I slung up my hat when I heard uv it and wept bit.er teers becoz I wus not there. I did not volunteer. On the contrary, when drafted, I made the best uv my way to Canady to join Vallandygum, and only failed to made my escape thro the treachery uv an Ablishnist who wormed hisself into my confidence by hevin a copy uv the Noo York *Day Book* and a pint bottle uv sod-corn whisky in his hind coat pocket. I thought in my innocence, that one so equipped cood not be anything out a troo Dimocrat, but I found, to my sorrow, that wolves often put on sheep's clothing, so perfekly ez to deceive the very elect. Arrested, and taken to a camp uv Linkin hirelings, I wuz clothed in ojus bloo, a musket wus forst into my unwillin hands, and I wuz transported southward to dip my hands in the goar uv my friends. Did I do it? No! I deserted the first nite, and escaped to the Dimocratic hosts, with whom I served till a battle wuz imminent, when I made my way North agin.

Rooined by this unlawful sezure, for the bars at wich I wunst hed credit refoosed to open accounts with me agin, I devoted myself to aboosin a tyrannicle government engaged in prosecootin an unconstitooshenal war. I headed the Holmes County patriots who resisted drafts. I organized the Knites uv the Golden Cirkle in Ohio and Injanny, and I organized more riots than any one man in these two States. I kin say trooly that doring that short time, no less than twenty young men traned and eddicated by me, who hadn't the descreeshen to get out at the proper time, was incarserated in Basteels, where they languisht for months.

My career sence the mournful endin uv the war is well known. I supported Andrew Johnson the moment he deserted the Ablishnists. I wuz with him in his triumphal progress thro the North. I held up his hands doorin the impeachment struggle, and I bought up three uv the Union senators wich voted for acquittal. I assisted also in the slaughter uv niggers in Memphis and Noo Orleans.

I am, uv course, acceptable to the strate-out Democrisy, ez I hold views entirely in consonance with them. I am inflexibly opposed to the payment uv the nashnel debt. I am opposed to the Fifteenth Amendment, and my dawters, if I hed sich, shood never marry niggers. On these questions no man in Amerikv is more sounder than am I.

The Dimocrisy uv Ohio owe me this for services rendered. I hev bin dragged throo horse trolls for hurrahin for Vallandygum. I hev bin pulled out uv bed in Janooary by soldiers and compelled

to take oaths uv allegiance, and I languished once in a Bastile for my steadfastness to Dimocrisy. These things I ought not to dwell onto, but if no one else will, I must.

I hev made other sacrifices. When torn from my peaceful home to fite our friends uv the South, I hed a wife wich I loved. Life wuz a peaceful streeme and we floated calmly along. She took in washin and I talked politics in a neighborin grocery, investin the proceeds uv her labor in the sustenance afforded at the bar. When I returned wat met me? The killin uv men outrite wuz not the most hart-rendin incidents uv that fratracidle struggle. It wuz the severin uv domestic ties—the tearin down uv domestic altars, and the separatin uv families. When I returned I wuz coldly met. Looizer Jane wuz washin ez yoosual, only harder than ever, and I noticed the children hed new frocks and shoes. The fust afternoon I wuz at home I askt her in my old familyer way for a dollar and a half, ez I wantid to go down the street.

"That's played," she remarkt.

"Hevn't you got it?" I askt.

"I hev," she replied, "and I perpose to keep it. I hev diskivered suthin since yoove been gone. I hev found thet it's easy enuff to support myself and the children, washin at a dollar a dozen, but add to that a hulkin man, with a nose like yours, and its harder than I keer. This house is mine; you kin vacate.

And she calmly rung out a shirt, ez tho wat she sed wuz a common place remark, instead uv a practikle divorse.

I left her. A feendish Ablishnist hed put this idea into her head, and she hed actid onto it. Sence that time I hev wended my way alone, subsistin by chance. Ablishnism owes me the home I hed. Ablishnism owes me the likker I ought to hev hed out uv wat that woman bez earned sence that crooel day. O, wat a fearful debt to pay.

The acoot Dimicrat may ask wat I want uv a nominashen when defeat is certin. It's suthin to be a candidate. I should made a vigrous campane. The masses in the rooral destriks don't often see a candidate for so high an offis, and I shood beam onto 'em all. Uv course I shood from this to the second Toosday in October hev free likker. The rank and file wood esteem it an honor to drink with me, and I shood consider it a convenience to drink with them. For two months I shood hev all I wanted, wich wood be the happiest two months in my life. I shood probably die uv delirium tremens, but I could afford it. Oh wat a gorgeous prospeck! Oh wat an elysium! Kin the Democrisy of Ohio be so crooel as to deprive me av it? I kin at least hold the votes uv the hard-handid Dimocrisy wich wuz knowd ez Copperneds dooring the war, and I can't see that we hev ever got any other kind, no matter who we nominated. Ef that element ain't strong enuff to elect me, I spose I shood go to jine the unnumbered throng uv Dimocratic candidates that hev encountered defeat in the dreary years gone by, and whose ghosts still hover on the confines uv politikle life.

I submit this to the Dimocrisy uv Ohio, feeling that I am asking only wat is my doo.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Post Master).

HORACE GREELEY'S DEFENCE.

From the Philadelphia Morning Post.

THE *Tribune* (New York) desires to be acquitted of the charge we made, that its course for a long while has tended to injure the Republican party in the South. In its leader of yesterday it says that the *Post* has denounced it with "unmeasured violence and heroic contempt of facts." Surely, this is an error. We measured our violence very carefully, and the facts we quoted the *Tribune* itself has published.

Let us see what Mr. Greeley says:

I. That the result in Tennessee was brought about by the personal quarrel of the Republican leaders, in which the Senter faction being outnumbered, enfranchised the aiders of the rebellion, and thus carried the State. That the *Tribune* did not counsel this step.

II. That in Virginia the attempt to disfranchise and proscribe was defeated, and that the triumph is one for equality before the law.

III. That Congress submitted to the people of Virginia the conditions of restoration, and allowed them to determine what should be the nature of their State Constitution.

IV. The *Tribune* says that the *Morning Post* "desires that the Republican party shall prevail in the South. So do we. The *Post* would achieve the desired result by the simple expedient of denying the right of suffrage to the mass of our political opponents on the assumption that they are 'rebels,' just as the Copperheads would rule those same States as absolutely by disfranchising the bulk of their opponents on the assumption that they are 'niggers.' We do not regard these rival expedients as differing in essence; and we are confident that neither can long prevail, because neither is inherently wise or just."

In this last paragraph the whole question between the *Tribune* and the *Post* is clearly presented. Mr. Greeley thinks it is just as wrong to disfranchise "rebels" as to disfranchise "niggers." We do not. We hold that men who were loyal to the Union from 1861 to 1865 have an absolute right to vote, and we assert that those who endeavored to destroy the Union ought to be satisfied with their escape from the punishment they earned, without asking for office or the ballot. It is because the *Tribune* has always favored universal amnesty that we declare it an enemy to the Republican party in the South; and therefore, as we understand the subject, an enemy to the best interests of the whole country.

Our recollection of the course of the *Tribune* is that it *did* favor Gov. Senter's side during the Tennessee canvass, and we are certain, at least, that it hailed his election as a triumph of the Greeley policy. On August 7th, Mr. Greeley declared that the result in Tennessee proved that universal amnesty cannot be long resisted, and added, "we rejoice that such is the case." "There are two distinct objections," he said, "to the policy of perpetuating the disfranchisement and exclusion from office of those who were prominent supporters of the late Rebellion: 1. It is unjust and unwise. 2. It is impossible."

After this frank statement the *Tribune* may pretend that it did not advise Gov. Senter's course, but it must confess that it rejoices in the result of his action. To us the difference is that between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. The Rebels have triumphed: the original Union men are defeated. That is enough for us at present.

So far as Virginia is concerned, we long ago read the act of Congress providing for the reconstruction of the State. Certain provisions of the Constitution were separately submitted to the people, and we are sorry that the *Tribune* aided and encouraged the ambition of the ex-Rebels to regain the political supremacy they forfeited by treason.

But we appeal from the abstract argument to the incontrovertible facts. We turn from Mr. Greeley to the South itself. What is the result of his policy in Tennessee and Virginia? Not merely the defeat of the Republican party, but the triumph of the enemies of Union men and freedmen. Immediately after the Tennessee election the *Tribune* was confident that neither Andrew Johnson nor any man of his stamp could be sent to the United States Senate. Now we know that the Rebel Democracy have a great majority in the Legislature, and that Fowler's successor will be an enemy of negro equality and probably an advocate of the repudiation of the national debt. That is one result of Mr. Greeley's plan of entrusting "the prominent supporters of the late Rebellion" with office and power.

In Virginia the workings of this policy were no better. Gov. Walker may be a Union man, but the Legislature is composed of men who cannot even take the test-oath. And so notorious is the fact that scarcely any but old Rebels were elected to the Legislature, that the President has considered it his duty to authorize Gen. Canby to enforce the oath. Union men in Virginia declare that, as a result of the triumph of the Greeley policy in that State, the prospects of true equality and permanent peace are darker than ever before, and also that that triumph was obtained by proscription and threats. As we write a Southern paper comes to us with a letter from Richmond, which says:

"The representatives of the Walker ticket in their public speeches threatened the colored men with a war of extermination if they voted against Mr. Walker and his ticket; they publicly proclaimed that if successful in the canvass *they would drive all 'carpet-baggers' out of the State.* They denounced Gen. Grant as a low person, 'who was not worthy to clean the toe-nails of Robert E. Lee;' that the surrender of Lee to Grant 'was like the surrender of a noble to a filthy turkey-buzzard;' and on more than one occasion more than one of these speakers denounced the Government of the United States; and it is a notorious fact that the social ostracism, bitterness and animosity existing in Virginia against not only all men born in other States and coming to the States to reside, *but against all white men who choose to belong to the Republican party, is more relentless, open and monstrous than ever before or than in any other one of the Southern States.* It is most natural that this condition of things should have produced, as it actually did, the conviction in the minds of thousands of Republicans that it was unsafe now to remove these disabilities."

On one point we are prepared to agree with Mr. Greeley—that amnesty and perfect union ought to be the object of all patriotic men, whatever their party ties. But the time to forget that a rebellion existed has not yet come. We pray for the Millennium, when Satan shall be bound for a thousand years, but in the meanwhile we are not ready to tear down our prisons and abolish the police force. The policy which excludes from office and disfranchises "the prominent supporters of the late rebellion" is the only safe one. The spirit of the rebellion lives in the South, embodied in riots, murders, hatred of Northern men, social banishment of Southern Union men, and innumerable plots to obtain absolute political control of the freedmen and the States. The evidence of this Mr. Greeley must see nearly every day, if he reads his own paper. To crush out this spirit ought to be the object of the Republican party, as it crushed out the Rebellion. And to us the greatest political blunder ever made by a great political leader is Mr. Greeley's effort to hold up Universal Amnesty as a ladder on which the men who nearly destroyed the Union shall climb to absolute power over the Southern States.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE AND THE CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

From the Leavenworth (Kansas) Times and Conservative.

"IT would not be at all astonishing if, in the 'eleventh hour,' the negro amendment were defeated by the threatening aspect of the Chinese question. The American people were pushed into the abolition movement only by one road. They looked at the whole matter only through the spectacles which the Yankees had put upon their noses. Now there approaches a similar danger, appearing at once under such gigantic dimensions, that the virtuous clamors in favor of suffrage for everybody who may desire it sound like a child's rattle compared with a tempest, because the same principles which gave the right of suffrage to four or five millions of negroes, are applicable also to the claims of uncounted millions of Chinamen; and, whilst there is a probabability of the dying out of the African race, there is, on the contrary, a very strong indication that the source from whence the Asiatic immigration issues will never cease.—*St. Louis Republican.*

It seems to us that the *Republican* is entirely wrong in its statement of facts, and its inferences. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution was passed by Congress, June 16th, 1866. On the 28th of July, 1868—one year ago—Secretary Seward made an official announcement of the ratification of that Amendment, and it then became a part of the Constitution of the United States. We copy the first section of that part of the organic law of the land:

Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Under this and other provisions of the Constitution the Chinaman may become naturalized and become a citizen and a voter, just as the Russian, the Hungarian or the Englishman may do. There is no trouble about the Chinaman's heel, or his lips, or his hair, or his color. He is as white as the Spaniard, the mixed Mexican, or our Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and we do not see how the Fifteenth Amendment has any application to him whatever. To be sure he has been abused, pounded, mobbed and rioted by the brutes of the "superior race" in California, but such treatment no longer drives a race away from the protection of the laws. We want the Fifteenth Amendment adopted, and believe it will be as early as the first day of next February by more than the required twenty-eight States, but it is not specially needed by the Chinaman.

It will hardly be claimed that Chinamen shall be deprived of the right of naturalization and of suffrage because they are not Christians. Benjamin Franklin, who helped to make the Constitution, did not claim to be a Christian. Thomas Jefferson, a President, did not make that claim, and most of the Americans who do claim to be Christians are not. The Constitution itself says:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." We must, therefore, oppose the immigration and citizenship of the Oriental nations on some other than constitutional grounds. And while we tolerate Brigham Young and his Mormons; while we protect Shakers and Turks; while we do not interfere with Free Love Socialists and while we make practical Mormons, like Dan. Sickles, Ministers to Spain, we cannot proscribe the Chinaman because he is a pagan.

The problem set before us is a very great one, and no one can tell what the result will be. The nation began by saying that "all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers by the consent of the governed." It was a glorious manifesto and the best men throughout the world now believe that it is capable of attainment.

THE AMNESTY POLICY.

THE *Morning Post* of Friday has a very sensible article on Horace Greeley's general amnesty policy, exposing the damage it has done to the loyal cause, and the danger still to be apprehended from it. Mr. Greeley, in his proper sphere, is an excellent man, but his nature is not such as to fit him to deal with men personifying violence and oppression. We have certainly all seen enough to know that the spirit of rebellion has in its composition such fiendish hate of all that the true men of the country have aimed to accomplish that compulsion is the only way by which it can be put down or kept down. The rebels have always denied that they voluntarily submitted to the laws of the country, and have not hesitated to say that their hearts were still with the lost cause. What, then, could be expected under a policy that gave them the opportunity to regain power? It is an insult to common sense to suppose that they would not use that power in consonance with their own feelings and convictions. And as the rebel element is well known to be the ruling element in many of the Southern States, if left free to exercise its power, it follows that general amnesty meant rebel ascendancy. This amnesty Mr. Greeley has persistently advocated, and added to the example he showed in bailing Jeff. Davis, it has done unmeasured injury to the loyal cause. The country *must* realize, if it means that the proper fruits of the war shall be reaped, that rebels are to be kept out of power. This one necessity overshadows and leads every other consideration, and in overlooking it Mr. Greeley has acted like the kind-hearted, honest, but unsafe grandmother that he is. If the South is to be secured to liberty, and the perpetuity of our institutions secured, Mr. Greeley's soft-hearted and soft-headed policy must not be followed.

The wise policy laid down by the Republican National Convention is the true policy, viz.: that amnesty shall be accorded to rebels just as soon as it can be done *with safety* to the public interests, and not by wholesale and without regard to the future.—*Lebanon (Pa.,) Courier.*

LAW AND ORDER IN MOBILE.

THE editor of the Mobile *Nationalist* is one of the true Radicals of the South—simon pure. The Mobile *Register* (Rebel) does not like him over much, and says in reply to an article in the former paper:

"Above all, let him look to his wild beasts and keep them in order, or his head and those of his fellow conspirators will pay the forfeit."

What wonder that Radical editors in the South say that they "confront a coffin at every street corner," after writing their articles?

We would ask the *Register who* is to make Mr. Griffin's head pay the forfeit? Is the writing of Radical newspaper articles a crime at the South, punishable with death? If so, will the *Register* give us an abstract of the law from the statutes of its State? Will it also name the officer who holds the executionary power? If there be no such law, no executioner thereof, *who* is the man to do the beheading? As no Radical would be guilty of such a "taking off," we must infer that the *Register* party assumes the right. This being true, can it be said that the rebel press of the South is wholly reconstructed?—*St. Louis Democrat.*

IN Clinton County, there is a negro woman one hundred and nineteen years old. Her name is Lucy Thurman. Indubitable family records prove that she is 119 years old, she having been born in Hanover County, Va., in 1750. Born the slave of Thomas Hooper, she became at his death the property of his daughter, who married John Thurman. The latter lived many years in Cumberland County, Ky., and died there. In 1812 Mr. Irvine purchased Lucy, her thirteenth and last child being then two years old. She converses about incidents which came under her observation during the revolutionary war with as much familiarity as we do about the late war, and remembers the battle of Yorktown with special distinctness. While it was progressing she was plowing in a field within hearing of the guns, and remembers seeing bodies of troops passing and repassing for many days. Some of them, she says, entered the field, took away the horse she was working to her plow. She is at present able to walk about, and looks fleshy and healthy, though her hair is very white. Until about a year ago she could thread a needle and sew without spectacles, but her eyesight has since been failing. Her children are scattered, and she does not know how many are living. Mr. Irvine, purchased her in 1812 and is satisfied that she is 119 years old.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WE have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

THE CHINESE.

THERE is something especially encouraging in the promptness with which the press throughout the States has spoken out on the matter of Chinese immigration. More than a year ago,—on the Lyceum platform,—we called attention to the cruel legislation of the Pacific States. They seemed to have forgotten, or never learned, the lessons of the war. Some of the worst features of the slave-code were making their appearance on these Western Statute books.

But within the last six months the press everywhere, with a few unimportant exceptions, has thundered its protest from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate. Such a fact shows a healthful conscience. The American people holds its doors wide open to Chinese immigration.

Some timid souls dread the rule of universal suffrage in the midst of such wholesale immigration. We are not of that class. Universal suffrage is, practically, the rule throughout the Nation. No hand is strong enough to put back that hand on the dial. For ourselves we would not change it, if we could. We not only consider suffrage to be the right of every subject; but we are sure that the recognition of this right is the readiest and surest way to secure the protection, education and elevation of the masses. The ballot in every man's hand is a bond and mortgage taken of the wealth and intelligence of the Nation that they will make it their special business to see that education goes side by side with this right. It not only gives, as Goldsmith sings,—

"An hour's importance to the poor man's heart,"

but it makes Chatham's eloquent boast true, that "tho' all the winds of heaven may enter his cottage the King cannot enter it:"—and it has created the *Press* of Christendom. The vigor and value of a Nation's press may always be measured by the extent of its suffrage.

How then, men ask, would you prevent our thirty million of intelligent, or measurably intelligent, Americans from being swamped by this wholesale addition of the surplus from four hundred million of men, bred in utter ignorance of our civil institution.

In the first place we believe that men,—all men white, black, copper-colored and tawny—have more points of resemblance than of difference. Self-interest is a quick teacher. Universal suffrage is based on the idea that each class understands its own situation, needs and interest better than any other class can do. We believe that the Chinese form no exception to this rule. Intelligent legislation, so far as their own interests are concerned, we look for. How shall they also learn the great republican rule not to seek their own gain at the expense of other classes? In the same way that other races have learned it—by waiting here among us some years before acquiring the right to vote;—*Naturalization laws.*

The *Tribune*, we believe, advises the repeal of these, because in New York city they are a dead letter. We never believed that a good law should be repealed, because in some particular places, and now and then, it could not be executed. Least of all can we consent to have the Statute Book of the Nation dragged down to the level of the Five Points. We are willing to educate the million of cowards, sneaks and knaves who inhabit New York. Failing to educate, we will control them. But never make them the measuring rod, or test, by which to regulate National action.

Instead of five years we would have seven years required, before a foreigner can vote here. The New England system of *lists* of voters must be adopted everywhere. A foreigner's name must be entered on these lists when he has resided here six years, entitling him to vote a year later, unless challenged in the meanwhile. The decision allowing him to have his name registered may be contested any time within three years after such registry. In smaller towns such a plan would secure honest execution of the Naturalization law. And sanguine men may, without incurring the charge of lunacy, indulge the hope that, some time in the distant future, even New York may so far emerge from, or rise above, the miasma of its present journalism, as to make it possible to set up a Government there, and execute laws.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

WE have cherished a confident expectation of the early ratification of the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment. That the prospect is not as favorable as it was a few months ago is apparent to all thoughtful observers. We have undoubtedly lost ground—lost it needlessly if not criminally by the blundering of some of the professed friends of the important measure. *The N. Y. Tribune* of Sept. 1st says:

"It now appears that the old Legislature of Tennessee cannot be reassembled by reason of a constitutional provision of the State; and that therefore the hope of thus securing a ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment must be abandoned. The development only emphasizes the warning we have already expressed. The battle is not won—the Fifteenth Amendment is in danger."

Now that it is too late *The Tribune* sees what is likely to come of its "amnesty" victory in Tennessee. "The XVth Amendment is in danger!" Of course it is. For this present danger *The Tribune* is largely responsible. With astounding stupidity it rejoiced in the "amnesty" triumph in Virginia and invoked similar results in Tennessee, Texas and elswhere in the South. What it could do it has done the past few months to demoralize the Republicans and Radicals and to resurrect and invigorate the old pro-slavery party. It is now frightened at the aspect presented by the party it, more than all the journals of Tennessee combined, has helped to the control of that State. With a small allowance of common sense it could not have failed to see this inevitable end from its "amnesty" begining.

Nor are the enemies of the negro slow to perceive their advantage in the present situation. *The World* is encouraged and makes bold to avow the Sham-Democratic programme of opposition in this State and elsewhere. It has been supposed that in this State the Fifteenth Amendment had been disposed of. It appears from the records of the State Department at Washington that the action of the Legislature at Albany has not yet been officially certified, so that it remains incomplete and of no effect. It also is now avowed as the purpose of the managers of the negro-hating Democracy to prevent, by securing a Democratic Legislature this fall, any official certificate of last winter's ratification, and thus to throw New York out of the list of the ratifying States. In anticipation of the State Convention of its party soon to be held, *The World* sounds the key note of the autumnal campaign as follows:

"With regard to the Platform, we suppose there will be no more difficulty in reaching unanimity than in the selection of candidates. The vexed question of Negro Suffrage will, for this once, have to be again considered: but, even on this question, the Democracy of the Empire State are, for all practical purposes, a unit. The question forces itself upon the attention of the party, in this election, in connection with the proposed new State Constitution, and also in connection with the so-called Fifteenth Amendment, on which the State of New York *has not yet pronounced its final judgment.* The Democracy of New York have never harbored an illiberal feeling toward the negroes resident in the State. We are willing that they should vote, as they have always voted in this State since 1821, on a moderate property qualification; but all Democrats will vote against universal Negro Suffrage. The reasons are still stronger for refusing to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment, which beside making Negro Suffrage universal, takes the decision of the question away from the States and gives it to the Federal Government. It is true that the last Legislature pretended to ratify the Amendment, but it made no provision for transmitting the ratification to Washington; and, if the next Legislature should be Democratic; *the ratification will never be officially certified and cannot be counted.* The last Legislature did not represent the people; it had no moral right to speak in their name, and give their assent to the Fifteenth Amendment. The Democratic party carried the State last Fall by 50,000 majority; but the Republicans have so gerrymandered the Assembly districts that they succeeded in electing the Legislature notwithstanding that they were so badly beaten in the State. If the Amendment had been submitted to the popular vote, it would have been rejected by 50,000 majority, and, if we can carry the Legislature this year, *the Republican ratification will fall still-born.* The possibility of defeating the Fifteenth Amendment supplies a fresh incentive to a great and successful effort to elect a Democratic Legislature. * * *

The present signs of the times indicate that the Fifteenth Amendment *will not be ratified by the requisite number of States.* The Republican zeal in it its favor has perceptibly slackened under a growing apprehension that the negro vote in the South will be controlled, or at least divided and nullified, by the Democratic party. Consistency compels the Republicans to keep up a show of supporting it; but, if the elections in Mississippi and Texas shall resemble that in Virginia, and exhibit large numbers of negroes voting for Conservative candidates, the Republican party will be content to let the Fifteenth Amendment slide."

Of the purpose of the Rebel-Democracy *The World* advises the public. It is if possible to continue to keep the colored people of this country a servile, disfranchised class. It has too much reason to expect, with its "fresh incentive to a great and successful effort to elect a Democratic Legislature," a triumph in the approaching November election. Between *The Tribune's* sickly "Amnesty" theories and President Grant's rather remarkable recreative tendencies, the Republicans and Radicals are likely to be in poor training for the contest. It is evident that there is yet to be a hard struggle ere the hundreds of thousands of colored men, still disfranchised on account of color in the Border and Northern States, can, by the success of the XVth Amendment be invested with full and equal citizenship. The moral reconstruction of the nation in relation to the negro's rights is still more distant. It is no time for relaxation of effort. Abolitionists and Radicals should prepare for increased vigilance. The situation demands it. "The XVth Amendment is in danger."

TENNESSEE—A REIGN OF TERROR.

THE Conservative-amnesty triumph in Tennessee brings forth speedily its legitimate fruit. Andrew Johnson is to go to the United States Senate. It turns out that all chance of a ratification of the XVth Amendment in that State is cut off. Late Tennessee papers contain the following suggestive paragraphs. Well may *The Tribune* be alarmed at the ghost it has helped to call up. Will it be any wiser henceforth?:

In Smyrna, Tenn., last week, a negro named Tucker was murdered by a mob of masked men. Two other black men were wounded.

Governor Senter issued a proclamation, dated August 28th, threatening to call out troops to suppress the disorders in Rutherford County. The proclamation recites that in that county "lawless men have banded together and engaged in riotous conduct, inflicting in many instances corporal punishment upon unoffending citizens; perhaps in others having taken the life of those in no wise violating the law, but pursuing their legitimate avocations."

The Lebanon *Herald and Register* mildly condemns a Ku-Klux demonstration in that town. The party numbered about forty. They went to the house of a gentleman engaged in teaching colored schools, and notified him that he was allowed one week to leave the county. He was charged with no crime, other than teaching young negroes.

In Memphis, last week, two men were condemned to death for murders.

Calvin Logston, recently convicted of murder, in Fentress County, Tenn., is only twenty-two years of age, and confesses to the commission of eight murders. He narrowly escaped lynching in Fentress, and has been taken to Knoxville for safe keeping.

Budd Carter, a notorious desperado, who was formerly imprisoned at Kingston, Tennessee, has made his escape from the Cumberland County jail whither he had been taken for safe keeping.

The Nashville *Union and American* has the following: "Passengers who arrived on the train of the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad yesterday, inform us that on Tuesday evening last a negro boy was seen suspended from a tree on the line of the railroad near Dresden, Tenn. Under the place where he was hanging sat his mother, weeping. Attached to the pantaloons of the swinging boy was a card on which was written, in legible hand, words cautioning the passer-by from cutting him down, and intimating in strong terms that the man who interferes will suffer the same fate."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

Aug. 18th, 1869.

"THE old slaveholders are telling the colored people that there are only a few days before they will have them back as slaves. * * * The Rebels are crowing over the colored folks and publicly threatening that this is their last vote. For God sake don't go back on us, if you do, we are gone. We have no paper to advocate the Republican party of the North. For God's sake fight on and never give over." J. T.

THE Georgia *Republican* contains a call for a Convention of the colored men of the State to be held in the city of Macon on the 19th of October. The object of the Convention is to devise means for organizing laboring men into Trade Unions, or bodies similar in character; and to adopt such measures as will enable all classes of colored workmen to act on the defensive against the aggressions of white employers.

The *Republican* says:

"It is a sad truth that, in many counties in Georgia, there are persons who will not pay those who work faithfully for them; and it is impossible for colored men in those counties to secure justice in the courts. At the end of the year, honest, hard-working colored men, who have labored faithfully during the entire year, are unable to secure pay for a year's services."

WE invite attention to Miss MARWEDEL'S paper, reprinted elsewhere from the *Herald of Health.* The end she has in view we most heartily approve, and we commend to the earnest cooperation of our readers, who are interested in behalf of the elevation and progress of women, her plan of a Horticultural School for girls.

HARVESTING.

BY JOHN T. SARGENT.

"Thus, Freedom, on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain,
To swell the germ, and fill the grain."

WHITTIER.

WORCESTER, (Tatnuck) Aug. 27th, 1869.

I KNOW of nothing finer than the sight of an earnest and true man in the midst of his harvest fruits, whether those fruits be "of the spirit,"—the results of his benevolent enterprise, or the ingathering from his orchards:—nothing more suggestive than the vision, which, for a fortnight past, I have enjoyed from these windows of STEPHEN S. FOSTER'S homestead, whether in the picturesqueness, vigor, and thrift of the farm itself, or the earnest reformer, of vigorous will and purpose, in his working garb, who conducts it, bringing in from his field his wheat sheaves, and stores of grain, while, at the same time, his brows are encircled with the laurels of many a benevolent aim. Enjoying, as I have done, the rare privilege of *pitching hay* with him, I have, also, had a converse which is rare even among the best of farmers. I look out upon these green pastures of his, freshly mown, and I think how emblematic they are of what he has been doing in other and wider spheres—how the sharp scythe of his reform purpose, with like thoroughness, hath swept over the dark fields of pro-slavery tyrannies at the South, and of Church and State subserviency at the North, and may God grant that neither he nor others like him, may have there worked in vain! Yet, there *are* times, when, to our anxious hearts, the harvest we have there gained, in those particulars, seemeth neither plenteous, complete, nor encouraging. For, what have we as yet, of the great moral, reformatory and social results for which we so labored and looked in our emancipation of the colored people of the South? Where are the evidences of their full release from the thraldom of a Southern despotism? How much more have they as yet of independence or of self-dependence than they had before? How much *freer* are they than they were? Where are the garnered fruits of our long years of service in the anti-slavery field? the ripened results of our ploughing and planting, sowing and reaping in that field? How comes it that we still hear, as it were, the clank of their chains? Is it not evident that except for the *name* of freedom, the mere sounding *pretence* of LIBERTY and EMANCIPATION, the colored race among us are but little better off than before? How desolate they are, now, for want of employment! Half starved, insulted, outlawed, spurned, murdered, stricken down on the slightest pretences, denied the commonest rights of human beings almost everywhere! Are *these* all the fruits of our long anti-slavery efforts and pleadings? Are these all the results for which we have labored and fought?

Is not our duty clear and undeniable to be still watching and working for the fuller harvest of human rights as it is for the agriculturist to be nurtering and fostering to *their* fuller growth the wheat stalks and fruit trees of his homestead? Shall *we* be less vigilant or concerned for the social interests and claims of our immortal fellow-beings and brethren than we are for prize carrots and cabbages in our garden patches? Shall our sympathies for man be smothered under loads of hay? The noble example of our friend, to which we have alluded, by his coincident, well ballanced concern for whatever relates to human welfare, whether for man or woman, black or white, is a sufficient answer to these queries and may well admonish us. With as tender concern he watches, even now, over the social and political rights of the freedmen not yet secured, as he does the growth and progress of the autumn fruits on his apple and pear trees, propping them up with every possible brace where needed! Magnanimous, surely it is, for a man to be so sympathizing, working, pleading for the oppressed of every class, so commiserating and bearing their burdens, while to many, so engaged as he, on the engrossing daily business of a large farm, there could be no other interest than to gather in, selfishly, their own crops and harvest their own fruit, regardless of all other needs whether of individuals or communities outside of that circle.

How profitless and contracted indeed, is the life and motive purpose of most men! How imperative the social duty in times like these to encourage every effort for the good of man or woman; to sustain every instrumentality whose object is to emancipate, improve, and bless humanity. In this connection how clear the obligation to encourage and sustain an organ of such manifest social benefit as the "ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD" whose special mission it is to enforce the doctrine of human rights, and harvest all the fruits of that great principle, for, surely, until the great aims and purposes of the Anti-Slavery movement are fully consummated,—until the civil and social rights of the black man are fully and everywhere recognized, the "STANDARD" has a plea for continuance, a work to do, and a mission to fulfil. The special purpose of this paper, we would have it distinctly understood, was not merely the removal of iron fetters. It did not begin and does not end with the abolition of a chattel system, taking only the chain from the wrist, and ankles, but it looks and labors as earnestly for the recognition of every social right for the emancipated, in which alone liberty culminates, demands for them fullness of privilege, pleads for their elevation and culture, and will not rest nor cease its appeals until labor be less the slave of capital, woman less the subordinate of man, and the black man more the recognized social compeer and equal of his white brother. *These* will be harvestings for which it is well worth our while to work, and which, as I have said, fully justify the continuance and sustention of this Journal, and every other like it, whose manifests and motto may well be this broad one—"*Nihil humanum a me alienum puto,*" which, in a free translation, might be rendered "I deem nothing foreign to me (or nothing inappropriate to these columns) which has reference to human rights."

PERSONAL.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE read a lecture on "Moral Trigonometry" at Newport on Sunday evening.

Mr. Henry Kingsley has assumed the editorship of the *Daily Review*, a leading Liberal Edinburgh newspaper.

Mr. Choy-Chew, the Chinese merchant, whose recent visit to the leading commercial cities of the East will be remembered, was, on the steamship Colorado, so grossly insulted by the captain at the table, on account of his color, that he was compelled to take his meals during the remainder of the passage in his stateroom.

Rev. William H. Pitts of Elizabeth City, N. C., is now in this city for a brief visit during which he hopes to receive sufficient pecuniary aid to enable him to go forward in his work, a preacher and helper among the freed people. His usefulness in that field is heartily certified by the editor of the *North Carolinian*, the mayor of Elizabeth City and others. Contributions either money, clothing or books, may be addressed to Mr. Pitts, care of Charles S. Mingo, Jersey City, N. J., till September 7th, after that to Box 35, Elizabeth City, N. C.

Lucretia Mott, we are glad to learn, has so far recovered from her serious illness of May last as to be able to attend Friends' meetings about once a week, and occasionally to speak in them. The great concern of her mind, says a correspondent, seems to be "The Sufficiency of the Inner Light;" and what she says is greatly to the satisfaction of those who listen to her. There is no immediate prospect of her being able soon to make the contemplated visit to New England, deferred on account of her illness at the time of the last anniversary of the Free Religious Association in which she was to have participated.

The Newport correspondent of the *New York Tribune* in speaking of some of the celebrities who are either temporarily or permanently residing at that summer resort, says that Colonel T. W. Higginson, who has lived in Newport for several years, is a prophet of some honor in his own country. He is represented as taking "an active interest in the affairs of the city, particularly the library and gymnasium, and is much respected by its inhabitants, particularly the colored portion, who look up to him with admiration. He lives in a pretty little cottage surrounded with flowers, and looking quite home-like and cosy. Col. Higginson is at present engaged in preparing his 'Army Life in a Black Regiment' for the press."

Mr. Frederick Douglass, says *The Commonwealth*, having been invited to deliver an address at Frederick, Md., on the occasion of the recent celebration of Emancipation in that city, and having carefully prepared himself for the performance, received a dispatch purporting to come from Capt. H. C. Noill (the gentleman who had invited the distinguished orator to make the address), requesting him not to come to Frederick. So he did not go, and many people were disappointed. It turned out that Capt. Noill sent no such dispatch; but that some malicious person as yet unknown had made unwarrantable use of his name. The trick was a very mean one, but the public suffered more from it than did Mr. Douglass, who could hardly have failed to be more than usually interesting on such an occasion.

Mr. J. W. Gregory, writing to the *Evening Press* concerning the Viceroy of Egypt, says:

"This 'Ismail Pascha' is, after all, more of a farmer than a king. He owns and works two hundred steam cultivators on the Lower Nile, and plants two hundred thousand acres of cereals annually. Verily, 'there is corn in Egypt;' only think what an organization of creative and productive power, while monarchs generally are studying the art of 'destruction of human life.' Here is bright off-set, although occasionally styled a 'heathen,' yet may not his example as above be better to follow than some others I wot of. When American farmers fully examine this subject, they will follow this heathen's example, if not in 'regard for the life of his beast' and the lightening the most laborious duties of the laborer, certainly for their self-interest, which goads when nobler motives fail."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, August 30th, 1869.

THE great boat race, the international race, *the* race, is finished at last. In spite of the varieties of report from different observers and different points of observation, it seem to be agreed that it was "a very near thing;" that there was very nearly an equality of power and skill on both sides; and that this trial closes with respect and kind feeling on the part of each towards the other, and with no imputation or suspicion of unfair dealing on either side. For these last particulars there is cause to be devoutly thankful. So many people of both nations are disposed to blow up the smouldering embers of preceding strifes, that any appearance of dishonest contrivance by either party to the prejudice of the other could hardly have failed of raising a perilous exasperation between the two countries. In this regard, things have gone well; and it is earnestly to be hoped that equal good fortune may hold through the inevitable further trials.

As to the muscular result—when the best exertion of two parties for twenty minutes shows a difference of only six seconds in time, and three boat's lengths in space, is that a matter to be wrangled about, or even to be discontented about? The parties are substantially equal; and since an understanding and a mutual admission of this equality is the best thing for both nations, I should be well content to leave the matter there. Yet, as further trials will, no doubt, be insisted on, the following circumstances may well be considered in arranging the details of the next contest.

Every cock is said to crow best on his own dunghill. The presence of an immense British multitude intensely sympathizing with the Oxfords along the whole four miles of the course cannot but have had its strongly inspiring result upon them, and a measure of depressing effect upon their competitors. If there must be another trial, let it have place, by all means, in American waters, where the influence of home associations, whatever its amount, may assist the Harvards in their turn; and if the result of a second race should render a "rubber" necessary, let the third trial be made in waters foreign to both parties.

Another reason for such a course of alternation is the differing custom

So far, I have been trying to write like a man of this world; one who, while among the Romans, does as the Romans do. But, in fact, this race has not interested me in the least, because no races, no competitive trials interest me of which gambling forms the main or a chief feature. Horse-racing is cruel and vicious enough in itself; but the perversion of this bad thing to a worse in England, the habit of her nobility and gentry, her respectability and piety, to make these matches the occasion for gambling, in spite of the notorious wrecks of fortune, honor and character that are constantly resulting from them, seems to me largely to account for such demoralization as appears in the average English character. This English habit seems largely growing upon us. We have not yet got to the point of licensing faro and roulette; but the same gambling principle, applied to the speed of horses and men, is to be seen and heard everywhere among us except in pious orthodox circles; I am very glad to record the exceptional cases of a useful influence in that connection.

Now, this match between the Oxfords and Harvards was primarily, no doubt, a trial of skill; but so close is the connection between such trials of skill and the love of the pernicious lottery principle, that in a farewell speech to the Harvard crew, just before their leaving, a respectable man publicly said to them—"The English among whom you are going are a betting people; take this thousand dollars, with my good wishes, that you may meet them fairly on their own ground." The habit which these young men were thus advised and assisted to form is hardly less pernicious than the habit of drunkenness. It tends directly, and strongly, to the loss of credit, of honor and of honesty; and yet, so common has it become, that I have not seen this manifestation of it remarked upon as objectionable by a single member of the periodical press.

Next after the boat-race, and the sums of money which have changed hands in consequence of it, the greatest sensation here has been that raised by Mrs. Stowe's Byron article. The comment upon that article has been largely adverse to, and frequently severe upon, its author. It is said—Mrs. Stowe has given nothing approaching to proof of her accusation—and, Why attach the slightest weight to, or honor with the slightest attention, the allegations of the frivolous and unprincipled Italian woman?—and, Why rake up the shames of the past at all?

On the other hand it is to be said—However insufficient is Mrs. Stowe's present statement, her mind has been convinced of the full reality of the guilt she has charged upon Lord Byron, and unfortunately his life and character render the charge not at all improbable; then, certain mysteries, in regard to which Mrs. Stowe may have full mental and moral assurance, even in the absence of legal proof, point towards the solution she has suggested; and perhaps this open charge, with the excitement it would necessarily cause, was the only way of bringing out some still existing witnesses who have hitherto been silent.

The World of your city plumes itself upon having been the first to quote Lord Byron's comments on his own married life, addressed to his profligate boon-companions, as an offset to what Lady Byron has said of her husband. If there were other papers that appropriately named themselves *The Flesh*, and *The Devil*, they also would doubtless follow on the same side, and have much to say in vindication of such a hero. Of the testimony thus hunted up and paraded by *The World* it may be said, first, that it justifies, out of the culprit's own mouth, the ill opinion that decent men and women have been accustomed to entertain of him; and next, that, however we may trust the accuracy of Lord Byron's boastful narratives of his own baseness to companions equally base, his attempts before such an audience to justify himself by imputations against his wife are not for a moment to be trusted. His truthfulness in this latter case is not to be supposed; her truthfulness in *all* matters *is* to be supposed.

It is very interesting to note the evidence respecting the mental and moral character of Lady Byron that incidentally appears in the recently published "Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson," a distinguished English barrister. Seldom is a man found who can count in the circle of his friends, male and female, so large a number eminent in station, literature, progressive thought and active beneficence. Here are some of his scattered notices of Lady Byron:

"November 29th, 1852.—I went to Robertson's, (Rev. F. W. R.) and had two hours of interesting chat with him on his position here in the pulpit; also about Lady Byron. He speaks of her as the noblest woman he ever knew." * * *

"September 13th, 1853. (Brighton). Dr. King called, and in the evening I called by desire on Lady Byron—a call which I enjoyed, and which may have consequences. Recollecting her history, as the widow of the most famous, though not the greatest, poet of England in our day, I felt an interest in going to her; and that interest was greatly heightened when I left her. From all I have heard of her, I consider her one of the best women of the day. Her means and her good will both great. 'She lives to do good,' says Dr. King, and I believe this to be true.'"

After another call on Lady Byron, Mr. Robinson writes, Sept. 17th, 1853—"I was much pleased with Lady Byron. She is a very remarkable woman, and is most generous and high-minded."

"DR. KING TO H. C. R.

"BRIGHTON, 2d February, 1854.

"Lady Byron is now quite recovered. She is always feeble, and obliged to husband her strength and calculate her powers; but her mind is ever intact, pure and lofty. It seems to pour forth its streams of benevolence and judgment even from the sick bed; a perennial fountain. Her state of mind has always given me confidence in her severest illnesses. Yet her power of bearing fatigue occasionally, as during the illness and death of her daughter, is as wonderful."

In this book there are several letters from Lady Byron the tone and spirit of which fully justify the eulogistic descriptions of that lady above recorded. Of these, one is particularly appropriate in this connection, from the charitable estimate it contains of her husband's character. It is as follows:

"LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

"BRIGHTON, March 5th, 1855.

recollect only those passages of Dr. Kennedy's book which bear upon the opinions of Lord Byron. Strange as it may seem, Dr. Kennedy is most faithful where you doubt his being so. Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. So to that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator, I have always ascribed the misery of his life. * * * * *

"It is enough for me to remember that he who thinks his transgressions beyond *forgiveness*, (and such was his own deepest feeling,) *has* righteousness beyond that of the self-satisfied sinner; or perhaps the half-awakened. It was impossible for me to doubt that could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ('I love the virtues which I cannot claim") would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the creed which made him see God as an Avenger, not a Father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight, and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that *ideé fixe*, with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realize themselves. 'The worst of it is, I *do* believe,' he said.

I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of Predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why 'The Deformed Transformed' is too painful to me for discussion. Since writing the above I have read Dr. Granville's letter on the Emperor of Russia, some passages of which seem applicable to the prepossession I have described. I will not mix up less serious matters with these, which forty years have not made less than present still to me."

NORTH.

THE TEMPORARY HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN at 24 Kneeland street, Boston, has now in charge two colored boys, about six years of age,—twins,—both interesting and capable; one remarkably bright and worthy of the best education. They are there waiting to be taken, or adopted by some family. No one who see them fails to be struck with their noticeable ability. If any reader of this knows of any one wishing to adopt them, please address Mrs. Gwynn, No. 24 Kneeland street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

LETTER FROM MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

No. 70 WILLOW STREET, Brooklyn, }
August 25th, 1869. }

HON. WENDELL PHILLIPS—*Dear Sir:*—Your letter addressed to the Editor of the *Woman's Advocate*, and published from its advance sheets in the editorial column of THE STANDARD of August 21st, is before me.

When I wrote this sentence "It was said by Mr. Phillips and others 'This is the negro's hour! Let us settle this question of race before that of sex,'"—it was with the honest conviction that I was speaking the truth. I thought I had heard *you* say, "This is the negro's hour;" I knew that others had said to me "We must settle this question of race before that of sex."

January and February of 1866 I spent in Washington, D. C., having an earnest mission to perform there; and meeting with Senators and Representatives daily, I had ample opportunities of ascertaining their opinions.

Andrew Johnson's veto of the "Freedmen's Bureau Bill," etc., had thrown the Congress of the United States into intense excitement. It was indeed the negro's hour and hour of peril. Petitions were sent in from the Equal Rights Association during my stay, which I had no hand in getting up.

Prominent politicians of the Republican party said to me, "Cannot your friends be induced to cease to embarrass us now with the question of woman's rights." Again and again it was said, "Even your great champion, Wendell Phillips, claims this as the negro's hour, and we must settle the question of race before that of sex."

I have never at any time ceased to write and speak and work for the negro. The proceeds of a Washington lecture I gave to the "Colored Children's Home." I did not attend the committee meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society either in '66 or '67, and think I have never looked upon our differences of opinion in any other light than that expressed in your letter in which you say "July is the grass's hour—October the appie's hour." I have thought that the wheat harvest and the grass's could each be gathered in July. If it cannot be, with my whole heart I would say, Let not the grasses spoil upon the meadows.

Since July of '67 I have been an invalid, and have not attended any public gathering anywhere; and only semi-occasionally have been able to write a line, and then wearily and slowly. A few MSS. articles on hand have been copied and given to the public. Wishing to set myself right on the Fifteenth Amendment question, I wearily penned the article which has given you occasion to write the letter of the 21st of August.

Acknowledging all your eminent services in the cause of woman's rights, I remain, respectfully,

FRANCES D. GAGE.

[Mr. Phillips desires to say,—relative to the above note from Mrs. Gage,—that he never intended to charge Mrs. Gage with misrepresentation. He spoke of her "integrity" and "intelligence,"—of her "fairness of mind;"—intending to attribute the "mistake" she made to inattention. If any words in his letter admit of any other interpretation he sincerely regrets using them. Her long and most unselfish labors in every field of reform have earned her the right to be trusted on these subjects. It was specially on this account that Mr. Phillips desired to put on record a correction of her misstatement. Forty years of efficient and devoted work have made her name known to hundreds of thousands; while her accuracy as a reporter justifies their confidence. Any statement of hers would necessarily and properly receive so much credit that justice to himself and to the cause claimed a correction. It was exactly because of Mrs. Gage's high and well deserved place and reputation in the reform field,—not because he doubted or denied either—that Mr. Phillips chose her statement as the one with which to connect his correction. If there was any error in his statement of the number of times she listened to his explanations, he regrets his mistake].

NEW ENGLAND GIRLS WORKING A WESTERN FARM.

THE Milwaukee *Wisconsin* has the following:

"In our rambles 'Up the Chippewa,' a few days ago, we chanced upon a brown-faced girl ploughing out a twenty acre corn field. She was rigged in a snuff colored 'bloomer' with a straw hat and good, honest number seven boots. There was no sham about her. She was evidently working with a will. She had been in the field since early morning, taking long strides behind a spirited horse, with the lines thrown across her shoulder, and both hands firmly at the plough. It was just 'good fun,' she said, to take care of twenty acres, and away she strode through the long rows—turning corners, kicking over sods, and never a thought of rest or 'whoa', till the dinner horn sounded across the field.

"On inquiry, we learned that our corn field heroine was one of two New Hampshire girls who migrated with their parents to Eau Claire some dozen years ago. They had little means, but were of good working stock. They bargained for a quarter section of wild land and set about making a farm. There were no boys in the family. The girls were young, bright, healthy, and full of pluck and vigor. Their mother dressed them in bloomers, and gave them their choice indoors or out. From the start they took the place of boys; they were not afraid of dust or sunshine; they never complained; they never tired out; they seldom missed a day from the fields through all the seasons, from earliest spring to latest autumn. As they grew older, they grew tough and wiry, and were alike ready at handling teams, breaking colts, building bridges, opening roads, fording creeks, clearing meadows, loading hay, binding grain or mounting a straw stack. In good seasons, they cut eighty tons of hay and eighty acres of grain. In rainy seasons they had to bring out their hay 'by hand,' carrying it on poles, knee deep through sloughs and marshes. In winter they attended school, and took care of sixty head of cattle, drawing hay from the swamps in the coldest weather. They hired no help except at harvesting. They did their own trading and marketing, and could never be outwitted by any of the store chaps at Eau Claire.

"The girls are now eighteen or twenty years of age, and have done more farm work than any two boys in the county. Their father, beginning with nothing, is now rich, with broad fields and thousands of ready stamps mostly achieved through the grit and energy of his daughters.

"During the present season they have 'let up' a little on their out door accomplishments, and are only cultivating twenty acres of corn for their own amusement. They have built them a spacious residence. They attend balls and parties, go a trouting, drive their own teams, and occasionally give the boys a chance to show their spunk and gallantry. Of course such girls are objects of excitement and interest in their neighborhood. They are looked upon as 'capital prizes,' and young fellows are ready to break their necks for them. They are now in their freshest bloom, but they are neither coarse or masculine in appearance; they are simply round, trim, sprightly, full breasted girls, with resolution in their eye, and plenty of good sense in their heads.

"It may be interesting to female politicians to know that these Chippewa Valley girls never whine or declaim about their 'rights' or 'position.' They saw rough work to be done—work most needed in our western country—and, asking odds of nobody, they went in bravely on their muscle and did it. They have made no noise about it."

A "STRIKING" CHRISTIAN INCIDENT.

A WASHINGTON correspondent sends us the following indeed "striking" item:

I stepped recently into the spacious and attractive reading-room of the Young Men's Christian Association in Ninth street, corner of E, and, taking up the *Atlantic Monthly*, I seated myself to read Mr. Parton's very striking article on "The Strikers of the Washington Lobby." As I was about finishing it, my ear caught the tones of a hymn in the elegant adjoining parlors of the Young Men's Christian Association. I repaired thither, and found that the daily evening prayer meeting was the occasion of it.

The hour appropriated to the meeting being nearly exhausted, as the leader (Mr. Hall) announced, that gentleman said, if any person present had a special subject of petition, and would state it, it would be presented to the mercy seat in the closing prayer.

Three persons responded, without interruption, with the cases of individuals. A fourth rose and said: "There has been a subject of prayer pressing itself strongly upon my spirit for some time past. It is the lack of humility in our churches—or undue pride—if you prefer that form of expression. It was this evil in the churches of the land, that made the continuance of slavery so long possible, and prepared the way for the war. It seems to me there is a want——"

"Be brief, brother, be brief," interposed the leader of the meeting hurriedly and impatiently; and, taking the hint, that he had touched an unwelcome topic, the speaker brought his remarks to an abrupt close, after having spoken, altogether, not more than two or three minutes.

The brother who made the closing prayer, said: "Thou hast, Oh! Lord, heard thy servants present *three or four* subjects for Divine interposition," etc., as if doubting whether the last one were a *legitimate* subject of prayer, at least in *this* community!

Striking as I had found Mr. Parton's article on "strikers" to be, I confess I could not help feeling that I had witnessed a far more "striking" scene than it would be possible for either the Congressmen or lobby to get up, were they to do their worst.

As the Freedman's friend, Gen. Howard, is the President of the Young Men's Christian Association, in one of whose meetings for prayer this worse than "Atherton gag" was applied, it is proper and just to say that he was not present on the occasion referred to.

[For the Anti-Slavery Standard].

"MORS JANUA VITÆ."

BY R. W. HUME.

"Near Corinth, in Mississippi, an old gentleman says: 'My little contrabands have been picking up bullets on the battle-field, and have sent them to me to buy books.'"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Atheist—Hide thy face in shame!—
Read the letters fringed with flame
Of the text above;
Bigot—cease your useless strife,
Whilst you view this page of life
Writ to us in love.

Skeptic—dreamer—pass not by,
Or, with a shrug and with a sigh,
Credit all to chance;
Whilst Children thus God's trophies bring,
His praises in their actions sing,
And Truth's great work advance.

Sown in tears of strife and pain,
See the breast of earth again
Her metal treasures yield;
See the merry harvest band
Scattered o'er the smiling land,
Gleaning all the field.

Guilt and Treason ploughed the ground,
Hurled the leaden seed around
In anger fierce and vain;
But Innocence shall garner well,
And Loyalty with rapture tell
The increase and the gain.

Sown in Sorrow's blackest night,
Reaped in Joy and morning light
With hosanna's gay;
Books from bullets blossoming,
And from darkness issuing
The Sun of Freedom's day.

Thus, on Time's predestined morn,
Out of Chaos rose the form
Of the moulded earth;
Whilst the morning stars around,
Heralded, with joy profound,
The new Creation's birth.

Thus, tracing out th' immortal plan,
The sordid dust was changed to man
At the divine command;
So, from our sin, and shame, and woe,
May virtue, peace, and order grow,
And blessings crown our land.

A HORTICULTURAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

BY EMMA MARWEDEL.

THE idea of a cooperative horticultural school is not only an outspring of the necessity of extending women's labor, it is, as the Baroness von Marenholz says, "the Reform in Education necessary to introduce an *education for work*, or at least, *work* as a *factor* of education." Pestalozzi, Fellenberg, Fourier, Lancaster, Owen, all these have declared instruction and work, mental and physical work, as indispensable to education. The wish to introduce this idea into their model institutions, in which agriculture, horticulture, different trades, and physical exercises have united with instruction, has not been appreciated highly enough, nor introduced extensively enough. But perhaps there is a reason for this, which was not taken into account before Froebel.

In these institutions, physical and mechanical labor alternate with instruction, but it is not the *means of instruction* as Froebel conceives it. A great deal of the time of the pupils is taken up in acquiring this mechanical skill, and those pupils who wish to pursue a scientific career have not been able to prepare themselves sufficiently for this vocation.

Therefore, labor schools have hitherto only served as charity schools, or as institutions for redeeming juvenile delinquents, and hardly ever as additions to colleges and high schools.

There are two conditions to be fulfilled, if work as a means of instruction is to be applied to all classes of society. The first is: To remodel work, so that it may serve as well for intellectual as for physical exercise—that is, serve in part as instruction, and for sound mental as well as physical gymnastics. The other condition is, that limbs and organs shall not only become universally developed in earliest childhood, but that mechanical skill shall likewise already be attained in the early part of life, and not attained merely by making the child work mechanically, but with his mental faculties likewise, as at no time is it more pernicious to separate bodily from mental exercises.

Childhood is the time when the growth of the soul depends upon the development of the organs themselves.

This problem Froebel has solved in his Kindergarten method; for his play and gympastic exercises develop all powers and organs in a natural way, which leads the young child to full invention.

Work, play, and instruction (self-instruction) are blended into one, as a preparation for all the requirements of future life, be it for artistic, for industrial, or for intellectual culture.

In connection with schools for more abstract studies, he advocates "School Gardens," where the Kindergarten system is to be continued and brought to a higher grade of perfection; and following this, still connected with high schools, "Youth Gardens," furnishing for young men and women facilities for agricultural and horticultural pursuits, as well as for all sorts of domestic work and for trades.

The experience in Germany, that scholars daily instructed but four hours in the gymnasia make more progress than others in six hours, has not only changed the school time, but we hope will also change the school system.

The school system from to-day must follow the general development—it must lose the one-sided character of abstract knowledge—it must instruct by practical objects, and—

"Through work to work"

morally, intellectually, practically, and, as much as possible, in the open air.

It is finally to educate the body to strength, and to give physical development.

Geology, botany, chemistry, natural history, entomology, the physical laws, their relation to surrounding nature, so interesting to the ever listening youthful mind, are to be taught, as the Greek philosophers were, in woods and fields, by practical work.

But there is one other aim, no less important on two sides. That is, to found such institutions on the principle of coöperation of work, and by the labor of the pupils to make them self-supporting.

The relations between labor and capital, being now the most serious and important question of our time, are no less demoralizing than unjust.

Coöperation in labor, and equalization in work and profit, seem to be the only help.

Coöperation signifies "acting together by principles."

Our life in family, in marriage, in state, is nothing but coöperation.

Coöperation, in its true meaning, demands the most republican, the most ideal self-denial.

How far our life in family and in marriage is from this ideal, is too painfully manifest in all the endless battles for justice, and in the littleness of our social life.

If there had been a true understanding of coöperation in family life and marriage, why should we have such books upon books, speeches upon speeches, arguments upon arguments about "Women's rights," Children's rights, Church rights, State rights, Soldiers and Servants rights. There is not a class this day which is not asking for its *separate* rights.

Separatism is the cancer in our social development, poisoning our healthiest soul and body. Neither our houses, nor our Churches, nor our schools, nor our history, are able to protect us, nor to guide us by examples.

"Rochdale failure!" is the desperate outcry of all our social economists and philanthropists.

But not a failure in business—oh no, a failure only in the moral and social spirit in which it originated.

Therefore, we want institutions in form of schools, *business places*, acting together by principles which can educate our youth for coöperation.

And because we want them in large quantities they must be self-supporting.

These things, not chimerical and fanciful, might be attained, and would naturally grow out of the introduction of the Froebel method into the public school system, by which now, at enormous expense, children are *not* educated nor fitted for active life, a fitness they have to acquire out of school and by themselves, or not at all!

From this standpoint has been prepared a plan of a coöperative horticultural school, as follows:

GENERAL PLAN OF A COÖPERATIVE HORTICULTURAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

On account of the necessity:

1. Of enlarging the field of labor for women;
2. Of providing women with occupations more conducive to their health;
3. Of making efforts to prevent the overcrowding of cities or manufacturing towns;
4. Of educating by moral and social influence to coöperation, that is, "working together by principles;"
5. Of educating capable housewives for the farmers, who are the kernel of the American people, the project is entertained of establishing

COÖPERATIVE HORTICULTURAL SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

In order to accomplish this purpose, there are needed

1. Pupils.
2. The necessary capital.

Pupils may be obtained most readily, by means of the personal influence of all those interested in the subject, and through the daily press.

The success of this undertaking will be accomplished with most certainty by beginning upon a small scale, with a limited money-capital, and at the same time, by carefully and judiciously making use of all the labor capital at command.

To this end, the institution should organize within itself a well-ordered business by means of the practical labor of the pupils, who should be employed in profitable occupations—such as cultivating delicate vegetables, fruit, berries and flowers; collecting seeds, making pickles and preserving fruit, arranging bouquets and wreaths, and perhaps in preparing and arranging hanging vases and flower baskets. There can also be united to these the raising of bees and silkworms, and many other trades.

In case from eight to twelve pupils shall be entered, and the necessary capital guaranteed, the following are the chief requisites:

1. A suitable dwelling house, containing about twelve or thirteen rooms, with a barn; from thirty to forty acres of land, and a greenhouse. But it would be necessary to select a place, which afterwards upon certain conditions might be enlarged by rent or purchase as the Rauhe House in Hamburg.
2. A matron, who will superintend the moral management as well as the business part of the institution, and who is capable of ordering a comfortable and cheerful family life.
3. A thoroughly well qualified and intelligent gardener.
4. A gardener's assistant who can also render service in the rougher work of house and kitchen.
5. A female domestic.
6. During the winter months, well qualified teachers for theoretical branches of instruction, namely:

a. Botany and Entomology.
b. Agricultural Economy and Chemistry.
c. Practical Drawing,
d. Chorus-singing, and some foreign language.

7. The necessary household furniture, utensils, and implements.

As the pupils are to be admitted free, and as a course of from two to three years is essential before a diploma can be awarded for a complete knowledge of gardening, both theoretical and practical, the following regulations should be distinctly agreed upon:

1. The pupils are to receive practical instruction in summer, and in winter both practical and theoretical.
2. The pupils are to have their board and washing free.
3. As soon as the institution becomes self-supporting, and owing to the industry of the pupils there is a surplus, as was the case in both the dressmaking house and army clothing factory in London, the pupils are each to receive such a proportion of it as corresponds to the work they have accomplished.
4. All extra work is to be paid for.

On the other hand, the pupils should bind themselves:

1. Not to leave the institution before the end of the time agreed upon—unless in certain exceptional cases, and with sufficient reason. A stipulated sum should be required from the pupil as a forfeit in case of non-compliance with this rule.
2. To work regularly during the required number of hours.
3. To apply themselves to the work of the household, the preserving of fruit and all the small domestic duties which are not only important to the present comfort and well being of the family life, but which are also a means of education for the coming duties of housekeeping, and which bring the true life of the family into relation with the best culture.

With this view it should be an especial object with the institution to make itself a model in these respects.

It should make use of all the latest inventions, and in all that relates to the house and kitchen, prove itself to be a question of usefulness and comfort.

Above all it shall show how much may be economized both in time and money. To this end it will be absolutely necessary to engage for the first six months a housekeeper of superior qualifications, able to give the first instruction in housekeeping. After this period, her services may be dispensed with—as it should be a special point, to make the pupils independent and responsible for their work in every department, even as far as bookkeeping.

It is to be hoped that the capital needed for this enterprise, may owe its existence to the enlightened benevolence of the present time, which, while dispensing more and more with so-called "Charitable institutions," substitutes the principle of "self-support," and makes it an enterprise of shares.

England, the country of practical work, has been the first to reduce this principle to practice, and has succeeded beyond all expectation, in the "Dressmaking and Millinery House," 18 Clifford street, and the "Army Clothing Factory," Pimlico, London.

The subscription for the proposed school is to be in shares of $1, that it may be within the reach of people of small means. Those so disposed and able can, of course, take any number of shares, and the Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, has kindly consented to receive any moneys that may be subscribed.—*Herald of Health.*

OBITUARY.

GERTRUDE KIMBER BURLEIGH.

DIED at her residence, in Florence, Mass., on the 26th ult., GERTRUDE KIMBER BURLEIGH, wife of CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, in her fifty-fourth year.

Death has summoned hence a loved and loving wife, a devoted mother, a steadfast friend, a true and noble woman. A birthright Friend, but without sectarian bias, Mrs. Burleigh warmly cherished the essential Quaker faith, the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Mrs. Burleigh was among the earliest, as she has been one of the most untiring, co-workers in the Anti-Slavery Movement. She took up its cross at a time when to be an Abolitionist cost much moral heroism, and great personal sacrifice. Less widely known than her husband, she was to him a help-meet in the best sense. That he might serve abroad the important work to which his life has been so largely devoted, she bravely met consequent privations and increased responsibilities at home. Of the colored people, of the sick and suffering everywhere, she was an ever ready, sympathetic friend and helper. She was actively interested in the woman's rights movement, and earnestly demanded for women equality before the law, just compensation for their labor, and full citizenship. The Temperance cause too, which can ill afford to spare her influence, had her hearty sympathy and cooperation. She claimed for herself and others entire individual freedom in the sphere of religious thought, but attached more importance to quality of the life and character than to the intellectual creed. She was an invaluable member of the Florence Free Congregational Society in which her loss will be deeply felt. She was beloved and esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Greatly indeed will she be missed by husband and children from the home of which she was the center.

"To Faith's keen eye
Thou, Death, art Life; 'tis but to sense
That thou art dread;
No cruel shaft by thee is sped;
'Tis not thy will that hurries hence,
Sets life's brief limits, and ordains
The gloom, the sorrows, and the pains
That speak thee nigh.

* * * 'Tis thine
To cool the fever of the brain,
At once to still
Of fretted nerves the torturing thrill,
To end the lingering days of pain,
To dry all tears for evermore,
To lift the veil that hid before
The home divine."

MRS. BURLEIGH.

From the Northampton Free Press.

The funeral services of Mrs. Burleigh, wife of Charles C. Burleigh, held at Florence Hall, Sunday afternoon, were conducted by Aaron M. Powell, Editor of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, assisted by Rev. E. G. Cobb, pastor of the Florence Church. The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, many being unable to obtain seats, showing the deep and universal esteem in which the deceased was held where she was known. After reading of scripture and prayer by Rev. Mr. Cobb, the following letter was read by D. W. Bond, Esq.:

BOSTON, August 26th, 1869.

DEAR SIR:—I have just received a telegram from you, requesting me to attend the funeral of Mrs. Burleigh, the beloved wife of my long-tried friend and coadjutor in the Anti-Slavery cause, Charles C. Burleigh. I have sent you a telegram in reply, stating that circumstances will prevent my attendance, much to my regret.

I beg you to proffer to him, and to his children, my heartfelt sympathy in view of their heavy bereavement. He has lost a most faithful and affectionate wife, they a most loving and devoted mother.

Mrs. Burleigh, long before she became a wife and mother, warmly espoused the cause of the enslaved millions at the South; and, throughout the long and eventful struggle for the overthrow of slavery, remained faithful to her early convictions, and cheerfully accepted whatever of private ostracism or public obloquy attended those who were not ashamed to be known as abolitionists of an uncompromising stamp. In whatever she did, she was sure to be thoroughly persuaded in her own mind, and to act independently of all considerations of selfishness or worldly expediency. She had rare elements of character, which, as opportunity presented, fitted her to be a true heroine; one afraid of no deprivation, disposed to shrink from no cross, and at all times prepared to decide for herself what was right, and where the path of duty lay. Let her memory be blessed and her example an inspiration to the living.

For several years past, I have had few opportunities to see her face to face; but my recollections of her are exceedingly pleasant, and it was "as iron sharpeneth iron" whenever I came into her presence. While I weep with those who weep in regard to her removal, I feel no doubt that it is well with her, and that in her new sphere of existence she will find full employment for all her faculties and powers. I shall cherish her memory and remember with pleasure that she placed me upon her list of closely attached friends. By and by, I shall hope to hear her greeting my arrival on the other shore, and to feel the warm clasp of her hand, for

"There is no death; what seems so is transition."

The exchange of worlds is designed for our gain not for loss or sorrow. Yours in full sympathy,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

D. W. BOND.

We regret that we are unable to give more than a very brief synopsis of Mr. Powell's remarks upon this occasion. His tribute was eloquent, earnest and heartfelt. He spoke of death as the one inevitable change to which we are all appointed, of the severe bereavement, whatever our view of immortality, its advent in our circles produces. He alluded to his visit to Florence a short time since and to Mrs. Burleigh's presence and earnest interest at that time. He alluded to the impossibility of his offering any adequate consolation to the family and friends of the deceased at such a time. It is not in our province, if we would, to give each other strength, when a beloved wife, a fond and devoted mother, a true friend is called from us. It is a pruning which we cannot withstand if we would, and we must bide our time till the period of healing arrives. We all seek joys rather than sorrows. They are good and wholesome for us, but it is the experience of all that, after the pain of sorrow is passed, after the bleeding has measurably subsided, it has brought us nearer to that center of all life, the Creator of us all. The speaker alluded to Mrs. Burleigh's Quaker origin. She cherished most earnestly its simple doctrines of love to God and man, disregarding its non-essentials. She believed in God's indwelling in every human being, and therefore every man and every woman was literally her brother and sister. He spoke of her Anti-Slavery history, how she dared to brave social ostracism and rejoice to be of that little band of abolitionists, when to avow one's self such was fraught with every danger, an experience of which many now can know nothing. She saw too in every woman, as in every man, an equally responsible being and from the first defended the doctrines of equal rights for women, when that doctrine provoked only derision. Her husband an itinerant Anti-Slavery missionary, to her was left largely the training of her children. How faithfully and devotedly it was done those children can bear witness. She was always a firm advocate of temperance and a true friend of the drunkard, ever ready to give aid and help, a friend of human freedom in its highest and best sense and a woman of rare moral heroism.

Our friend Seth Hunt of Northampton sends the following, contributed also to the *Free Press:*

"When Gertrude K. Burleigh, wife of Chas. C. Burleigh, passed within the mysterious veil of death, a great soul was withdrawn from mortal vision. No one who saw her while she moved among us, could look upon her ample brow and radient countenance without feeling that they imaged a vigorous mind, a cheerful, but resolute spirit and a benevolent heart. And these qualities were hers. The influence of such a person extends through a wide circle, and her departure leaves a void not easily filled. The poor, the sick, the friendless and oppressed, had her warm sympathies, her active ministrations, and were refreshed by her sunny smiles and words of cheer. Mrs. Burleigh was born in Chester County, near Philadelphia, Penn., on the 14th day of June, 1816, and was, by birthright, a member of the Society of Friends. In mature life she discarded what she deemed the non-essentials of Quakerism, but ever clung to what she believed to be vital and permanent in the doctrines of that sect. Conscientious, courageous and earnest, she carried out into active life the teachings of what seemed to her the spirit of truth. The great reforms of the age had her open and earnest advocacy, in times of trial and persecution, as well as in the days of their triumphs. In all good enterprises she worked while the day lasted. The malady which has removed her from our sight, took on alarming and prostrating symptoms about two months before her death, which occurred on Thursday morning, August 26th. She, however, in the early stages of her disease, expressed to her husband her belief that she could not live. She bore herself serenely and characteristically through all her sufferings, and finally passed sweetly and peacefully away. The funeral services took place Sunday afternoon 29th inst., in Florence Hall, where her voice had often been heard in the meetings of the Free Congregational Society, of which she was a zealous and useful member. The hall was densely crowded, some being unable to find seats. The services were conducted by Aaron M. Powell, of New York, assisted by E. G. Cobb, pastor of the Orthodox Church. The discourse of Mr. Powell was exceedingly appropriate and touching, riveting the attention of the audience and giving rich consolation to the mourners. The exercises throughout were well suited to the occasion. S. H.

LITERARY.

The contents of *Putnam's Magazine* For September are "Monks and Nuns in France," by Henry C. Lea; "The Baby's Drawer," by Mrs. I. T. Butts; "A Wine Merchant," by W. I. Paulding; "English Show-Places: Newstead Abbey," by Mrs. Nath'l Hawthorne; "The Bassos—A Tale of Rivalry," by F. S. Cozzens; "Deceived," by Edgar Fawcett, "To-day; A Romance"—Continued, by R. B. Kimball; "The Old Hospital—Gone," by D. B. St. John Roosa, M. D; "Left Wounded on the Field," by Col. T. A. Dodge; "Lavinia—Part III.," by Caroline Cheesbro; "Colleges and College Education," by Pres. P. A. Chadbourne; "The Earth in Trouble," by Prof. Schele de Vere; "The Eclipse," by Fenimore Cooper; "Village Improvement Societies," by S. F. Cooper; "Shall the Red-Men be Exterminated," by Vincent Colyer; "Fine Arts of Society; III. Cookery," by Lucy Fountain; Literature—At Home, by R. H. Stoddard; Literature, Science and Art Abroad, by Bayard Taylor; Current Events, by F. B. Perkins; Bulletin of New Publications.

The Galaxy for September contains: "Susan Fielding," by Mrs. Edwards; (with an illustration) "The Two Ways," by E. R. Sill; "The Jersey Cows," by Charles Wyllys Elliott: "Our Mineral Springs," by John C. Draper, M. D.; "The Story of a Life," by Anna L. Johnson; "The White Flag," by William Winter; "Our Criminal Population," by Edward Crapsey; "New York Journalists," Theodore Tilton, by Eugene Benson; "Put Yourself in his Place," by Charles Reade (with an illustration); "Without the Stars," by George H. Calvert; "Little Bopeep," Part I.; "Death and Life," by C. F. B.; "The Irish Church Dethroned," by Justin McCarthy; "The Unsociableness of Society," by Richard Grant White; The Galaxy Miscellany; Drift-wood; Literature and Art; Nebulæ, by the Editor.

The Woman's Advocate for September presents the following table of contents: "To Warn, to Comfort, and Command," by Kate A. Hausen; "Concerning one Objection," by Jane O. DeForest; "The Deserted," by David Plumb; "Thrown upon the World;" "The prevailing Fear of Genuine Democracy," by R. J. Hinton; "Broken in Spirit," by Helen Rich; "Filling the Ice-House," by Frances Dana Gage; "Woman's Rights," by Wendell Phillips; Editorial, Notes, Literary, Home Intelligence.

Special Notices.

HOW THE ERIE IS LIT UP.

From the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, Aug. 3d.

IT is stated that the whole line of this road is soon to be illuminated at night by the newly-discovered electric light. The plan is more novel than any ever before dreamed of, even by the wildest visionary. From New York City to Buffalo and Dunkirk it is designed to make the line one unbroken line of light, by the application of the electric light to each locomotive, and stationary lights at the ferries, in the Bergen Tunnel, and at all the dangerous curves along the route. The arrangements for manufacturing the electric lamps are already completed by Mr. E. C. Morse, who has the matter in charge. Mr. Morse claims several discoveries and improvements in connection with the electric light, among which may be mentioned a self sustaining battery, a device for making the carbon points used to give the electric point, and an ingenious arrangement by which the electricity to run the lamps will be collected from the friction of the wheels as the train is in motion. Two lamps will be used for lighting Bergen Tunnel with one in the middle, as the tunnel is not straight, but curves. Other lamps will then be stationed at each end of the Pavonia Ferry, which will throw a broad belt of light across the North River every night to guide the traveler safe to his home in the metropolis. These lights will, it is said, be so intense that on the darkest foggy night there will be no danger of collision on the water any more than in the daytime.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy each of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

CLUB RATES.

We will hereafter send *The Radical* ($4.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, each one year to old, or new subscribers, the two for $5.50;—

The Woman's Advocate ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $4.00;—

The Herald of Health ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50;—

Merry's Museum ($1.50 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50.

Miscellaneous Department.

LONGING.

O foolish wisdom sought in books!
O aimless fret of household tasks!
O chains that bind the hand and mind—
A fuller life my spirit asks.

For there the grand hills summer-crown'd,
Slope greenly downward to the seas;
One hour of rest upon their breast
Were worth a year of days like these.

Their cool, soft green to ease the pain
Of eyes that ache o'er printed words;
This weary noise—the city's voice,
Lulled in the sound of bees and birds.

For Eden's life within me stirs,
And scorns the shackles that I wear,
The man-life grand: pure soul, strong hand,
The limb of steel, the heart of air!

And I could kiss, with longing wild,
Earth's dear brown bosom, loved so much;
A grass-blade fanned across my hand,
Would thrill me like a lover's touch.

The trees would talk with me; the flowers
Their hidden meanings each make known—
The olden lore revived once more,
When man's and nature's hearts were one.

And as the pardoned pair might come
Back to the garden God first framed,
And hear Him call at even fall,
And answer, "Here am I," unshamed—

So I, from out these toils, wherein
The Eden-earth grows stained and dim,
Would walk, a child, through Nature's wild,
And hear His voice and answer Him.

—*The Overland Monthly.*

EQUALITY IN HEAVEN.

Very few, indeed, of the popular notions about "Heaven" using that word as the popular synonyme for the future life, and not as the alternative to Hell, will bear the most ordinary or momentary investigation. As a rule, those notions are the merest condensations of widely diffused hopes, which hopes, again, are often the product of certain disgusts at circumstances which in this world cannot be removed. The notion, for example, that Heaven is perpetual peace, a place where "congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths ne'er shall end," a long or eternal rest, is the result of the weariness which all good men must feel of their never-ending struggle with the world, the flesh and the devil, a hope no more in accordance either with reason or revelation than Hawthorne's, that he might be permitted a good long sleep of about two thousand years as a siesta before he was set to work again. If the word Heaven has any meaning, it means a state of existence in which we shall do the Lord's work more perfectly than at present, in which we shall struggle more ardently against sin, and probably against misery (though that thought is subject to the reader that misery may be merely discipline), and certainly against ignorance of Him, all of which duties involve work, willing work or happy work, but still work, and not rest, which, again, is absolutely incompatible with the increased desire of the "regenerated" but still finite soul to know Him, the Infinite. The struggle up a mountain may be the happiest effort of our existence, but except by a perversion of words it cannot be called rest. Nor are we able to perceive that at rest or at work the condition of the soul can be one of absolute and complete happiness. A priori, he only can be perfectly happy whose knowledge and whose power are synonymous, synchronous, and conterminous, because otherwise he must either make mistakes, or wait,—or be disappointed. But this cannot possibly be true of any finite being; and with regard to the especial finite being called man, there can be no solution of continuity, otherwise he is not an immortal being, or a being capable of a future life, but only a being who, like a wheat-grain, is capable of reproduction in a different stage. Increased, indeed, happiness may be, for us so increased that, in comparison, it may be called perfect, but absolutely perfect in any arithmetical sense it cannot be. If there is no solution of continuity, there must be memory, and with memory, regret, and with regret, shame, and with shame, suffering, however modified in degree by a clearer perception of the infinite purpose which, though regulating all things, has yet, as one great action in pursuit of that purpose, left human will in freedom. Again, there is the notion, most magnificent and productive of all the unproved ideas, perhaps greatest and most fruitful of all ideas proved or unproved, that we shall in Heaven "know God." How should we know God? That we shall know Him better may be conceded easily, for an inborn conviction tells us, even without revelation, that the flesh acts as a veil between us and the Maker, just as it acts, to use an unworthy simile, as a veil between many minds and absolute mathematical truth;—and that we shall know Him much better, follows from the certainty that half the obscuring influences will have in another world no place, that, for example, as Southey sang, avarice could not continue even in hell,—"earthy that passion of the earth;" but, nevertheless, the eternal truth will remain that He is infinite, we finite, that the finite, however near its comparative approximation, is still infinitely distant from the Infinite, that, though to use Paul's glorious simile, here "we see through a glass darkly,"—his "*glass*" was a sort of semi-translucent slag, not our artificial crystal,—and shall there see face to face, yet when we see even a human being face to face we do not, therefore, know its owner, may mistake him, always fail to know more than a fraction of him.

Of all the popular ideas of the future state, however, perhaps the most popular and the most erroneous is that expressed in the common saying, "We shall all be equal there." That saying is as old as Christianity; it appears in the Epistles, though St. Paul did not mean his words to bear so wide an interpretation; and it has for ages been one of the few grand consolations of the poor, the oppressed, and the suffering. We are not sure whether it has not exercised as great an influence as any of the incidental ideas of Christianity; whether it has not, for example, greatly contributed to mould the organization of all Churches, the Roman Catholic Church more especially, and to form the ideal of all social reformers outside as well as within the pale of belief. There is something in it which suits human nature,—the instinctive sense every man occasionally entertains of his own nothingness before the Almighty,—and also, perhaps—one must speak frankly to speak truthfully—the instinctive wickedness, or rather feebleness, of human nature, its incapacity of freeing itself wholly of jealousy, envy, self-consciousness, pride, the wish that the next world may reverse in some visible manner the unjust judgment of this. The contrast between the real and the apparent, between the relation of a man to men and his relation to the Omniscient, has struck all religious legislators, and we do not, therefore, wonder at the universal diffusion of the thought, and yet how little can it have to rest on! It is a certainty, if anything can be a certainty, that if Heaven or a future state exists at all, there can in it be no permanent solution of continuity, no change of identity; for if so, not only is the human period wasted—and God does not waste—but God's justice and mercy are alike rendered imperfect, and His glory dimmed.

On what is styled the orthodox view, we should have the awful sight of a being condemned to torment without knowledge of the cause, out of what to him seems caprice; and on what seems to us the truer view, we should have the equally awful sight of a being held back through eternity by influences which, being unconscious of them, he cannot overcome. Yet, if there be no solution of continuity, if the soul which is here is also there, how can there be equality in the next world? The soul cannot escape the influences which have modified it here. It may, no doubt, escape the passions, some of which at least are fleshy and depart with the flesh—which latter may be lying in the British Museum, a subject for intellectual speculation—but how be free of that portion of the effect of those passions which dwarfs or smirches, or, it may be, expands and elevates the soul? Avarice, for instance, is, if we agree with Southey, of all strong passions the one most directly earthly—having in it less of entrain than lust, the most carnal of all—and avarice can hardly continue in the next world; yet how can the effect of avarice, if it has modified the mind and soul, be lost, if there is no solution of continuity? Or how can the effect of a noble impulse, say that of self-sacrifice for the cause of God, be wholly taken away? If it is taken away, what use in virtue or in strife? And yet if it remain, where is the equality? Many, perhaps most of our readers, however, would acknowledge moral inequalities in Heaven, and a large section of them would rejoice in them, but in what way do they propose to get rid of inequalities of intellect and knowledge? The intellect must continue if continuity continues, and with intellect its inequalities, or Hodge becoming suddenly Newton, or Newton Hodge, the freed soul ceases to be that either of Hodge or Newton. The smallest differences of culture, of knowledge, of those intellectual circumstances which create impulse must have their effect, however small, and their effect much in the direction they had in this world, or otherwise the continuousness of the sense of moral responsibility, that is, of the fact of moral responsibility—for the sense *is* the fact, or an idiot would be responsible,—would, *pro tanto*, be weakened. No doubt, these differences would, under the new light, seem so small as to be almost imperceptible,—though light, by the way, reveals rather than covers differences,—and no doubt, also, the differences there and the differences here would be judged by widely different laws, but still they would exist. To take the most visible, and, perhaps, the most important of all superficial distinctions among men, that which we call refinement, is that to be abrogated? Nine-tenths of it, probably, would be, as either artificial, or hypocritical, or the result of physical tendencies; but that other tenth, which seems in this world to affect even the soul, and which certainly affects the moral nature, if only in the self-restraint it breeds, is that to disappear? How can it disappear without an erasure of the past, fatal *pro tanto* to the very idea of continuous responsibility? Infinitesimal, it may be; but still the infinitesimal is not the non-existent, and for so much there is in the earthly sense a grade in Heaven, a little step in the road towards the ideal by which John starts in advance of Thomas. Then there is the hunger to advance, to inquire, to accumulate good knowledge, is that to go? It is possible, indeed easy, to conceive of a Bengalee who is a Christian up to the spiritual level of any Englishman, yet lacks this hunger entirely; is he the equal at first in Heaven of the man who, having all he has, has this besides, and having it, divert its direction—as he would in the new light diverts its direction—into a pursuit of the one object of Heaven, closer relation in all respects to the Divine? And if not the equal at first, why is he to be the equal at any time? Why is he, to speak in non-theological terms, to catch up the competitors as eager as himself, but less weighted?

Let us take the extreme case, for that, after all, though not the only way of arguing such speculations, is the only way of making such arguments large enough to be intelligible. The popular theory assumes that in the next world the ordinary idiot of Earlswood and Sir Isaac Newton, or, say, Melancthon, start fair? Why do they start fair? Surely if they do start fair, such a miracle has been wrought on one or other of them that there has been a virtual new creation as of a new being, disconnected either with the Idiot or Sir Isaac. Take any view of idiocy you please, that, for instance, it is the result of mere bodily malformation ending instantly with death (quite the most probable view) and still the loss of the life's experience of volition must, if life be continuous at all, and soul and mind related, have been a loss to the soul, leaving it behind as a child's might be left behind in the great race. The ground may be caught up quickly, but surely it is not caught up through the intervention of miracle, else why not similar miracle as to moral status, but through some process of spiritual education and slow enlightenment. The possibility of education must exist in Heaven, and the possibility of education involves *ex necessitate* inequality. Earthly position may be reversed; of course, in many cases, must be reversed (one could not conceive, for example, of the royal caste occupying any but a very low position in the new life) but grades there must still be. The theory of equality is nothing but an effort to express the inexpressible—the distance which must exist between the highest creature and the Creator, a distance so great that all other distances beside it seem as the inequalities in fine sand. Still, no two grains of sand are of the same size.—*The Spectator.*

PATIENCE.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul were bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, now replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

—*Milton.*

STARR KING'S GRAVE.

BY S. AUSTIN.

It is in his own churchyard here in San Francisco, and every afternoon, the beautiful building which he called his monument when he lay dying, throws deep shadows across the place. The wide church front is near the street, and far back on the east is a long projection where the children meet. In the space thus left before the projection and beside the church, there is a wide paved path by the building side, and all the rest is inclosed by a low evergreen hedge. Within the hedge there is a large plot of smooth turf, and in the centre the pastor's grave. The foot is toward the east, and over it rests a long, low block of marble, carved like the roof of a cathedral with transepts. On one side of the stone his name is cut in waving black lines, and on the other the days of his birth and death. The eye fills as the heart says, It is enough.

A few tall cones of arbor-vitæ stand like sentinels about the place. In that enchanting climate the flowers are always blooming around him and the grass is fresh and green. A small gate leading into the inclosure is rarely opened, but visitors lean upon it to look around the space and read the writing on the stone. When the morning service on Sunday is over the strangers turn aside to look at the grave and read the famous name. Most of them are grave men, who come alone, gaze wistfully at the low, white stone, and then walk away, silently looking on the ground.

The feeling toward him on this whole coast cannot be described, it is so tender, strange and deep. There is nothing at the East to which it can be compared, and only those who know this wild Pacific life can understand it. One of the Giant Trees of Mariposa bears his name, and a regal dome of the Yosemite is called Starr King. One of the Colfax party, on their recent visit, writes, "He is the saint of the Pacific shore! Ever since the day when the young Unitarian clergyman died, and the legislature and all the courts adjourned, when the national authorities fired minute guns in the bay, while all the flags in the city and on the ships hung at half-mast, a softer and a richer halo has been surrounding his memory, and many a poor castaway now clings to his belief in Starr King as his only link to virtue."

To his own people here he is a departed friend; to loyal hearts everywhere he is the one man whose eloquence saved California in the Union; and to the wild and reckless wanderers of these Pacific States, with his great warm heart, and his eloquent words of the mercy of God, he is the one just man they have ever known, whose life was pure and whose words were hope.—*Liberal Christian.*

ONE BY ONE.

BY A. A. PROCTOR.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS!

How much longer will we be condemned to hear this horrid cry upon our railroads? That it brings pleasure to any but a few active, hungry fellows, with long legs, hard cheeks and ready digestion, we have always doubted. The miseries and costliness of railroad refreshment rooms have long been a proverb, and it did not need that Dickens should show us how badly these things were managed in England that we should appreciate our peculiar national grievances in this line. It is needless to detail the miseries alluded to. Everybody who has traveled any considerable distance by rail has experienced them. We have all suffered and shall suffer, and suffer again until by some means (probably the newspapers) a few roads may be convinced that to study the comfort of their passengers will by no means diminish their receipts, and then in a short time all the roads in the country will follow and improve upon the example of these pioneers. This is the history of modern reform. The point now is to prevail upon some railroad companies to commence this particular one. Of course we by no means contemplate such radical and princely improvements as those we find in the Pullman cars on the Pacific Railroad, where one may dine as luxuriously, while rushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, as if he were at the Continental Hotel. But there are improvements in the system of railroad refreshment which are much cheaper, and more available every way, than these magnificent appliances to trains going over half a continent. We have only to visit those countries where the people understand comfort and convenience, and desire it abroad as well as at home—those European countries, in fact, where Anglo-Saxon patience and quiet submission to petty official imposition is not known (we know this sounds paradoxical to most Americans), to find very good plans for material comfort while traveling by rail. On certain German railroads, for instance, you may be traveling about the ordinary dinner hour. At a certain station a man gets on the train and takes the orders of all passengers who desire dinner. At another station, about half an hour distant, the said dinners are placed before each passenger (the number of orders having been telegraphed from the station where they were taken). For half an hour or thereabouts, the passengers are at liberty to enjoy their meal, and then at another station the empty plates and baskets are taken away. It need not be supposed that there is any inconvenience or possible discomfiture in these railway dinners. One does not hold a plate on his knees and a cup of coffee in his hands. Upon the arrival of the train at the dinner station, each passenger ordering the meal is furnished with a tall round basket, about as high but not of so great a diameter as a flour-barrel. This basket has a flat top, with a rim round it, and a door in the side, which, opening, shows shelves within, with hot soup, meat, vegetables, perhaps dessert, a bottle of wine, bread, etc., etc. A depression in the top of the basket holds the drinking glass, and all the passenger has to do is to take out his plates, one at a time, and eat at his leisure. The cost of this meal is something like half a dollar. The value to a hungry, tired traveler is at least five dollars. Are the American people so stupid that they would not appreciate some improvements of this kind? Let any enterprising railroad company try them.—*Philadelphia Post.*

The Japanese at Home.—Arriving as we did from China, the land of pug-noses and yellow skins, we were at once struck with the fresh ruddy complexions, and in many instances, well-cut features of the Japanese. Besides the difference in their personal appearance, they offer a marked contrast to the Chinese in manner and bearing. In place of the cringing, abject demeanor of the latter, they carry themselves as becomes men, fearlessly and uprightly, look you straight in the face, and consider themselves inferior to none. The better class are a fine, bold set of men. Like knights of old they are ever ready to avenge a wrong, or even to provoke a quarrel; and with their terrible two-handed swords would be anything but contemptible antagonists in hand-to hand fighting. Their manners are polished in the extreme. As a rule they are exceedingly good-natured, and have a keen sense of the ridiculous—rather too much so; for we believe that if the most dutiful son, possessed of the greatest filial piety, were to see his father dying, he could not repress a laugh if the old gentleman were to do so in at all a comical way. The Japanese ladies are almost as fair-skinned as their sisters of the West. Small but neatly—nay, sometimes faultlessly—shaped; their flowing robes displaying in its own gracefulness the model that nature has adopted, and which none of the meretricious deceptions of civilization can improve upon; with pretty captivating manners, and a language musical and soft as Italian, the laughter-loving nymphs of the rising-sun have many and powerful charms. No one who has been in Japan will deny their claim to beauty.—*Harper's Magazine.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The world goes up and the world goes down
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown,
Can never come again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and cold
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning, gay.

The Books Read in France.—The mayor of one of the most populous arrondissements in Paris, M. Levy, has published a report on the subject of the local library, from which it appears that while, during a given period, scientific treatises of various kinds were asked for 21 times, "The History of France," by Henri Martin, was asked for 53 times; "The History of the French Revolution," by Thiers, 124 times; "History of the Empire," by the same author, 31 times; "Le Magasin Pittoresque," 213 times; the works of Victor Hugo, 115 times; the works of Chateaubriand, 23 times; of Lamartine, 30 times; of Alfred de Musset, 36 times; of Voltaire, 106 times; of Balzac, 93 times; of Erckmann-Chatrian, 265 times; of George Sand, 51 times; of Mayne Reid, 55 times; of Jules Verne, 48 times; of Walter Scott, 34 times. M. Levy points out that the public show a preference for authors "whose reputation has been increased by the pre-occupations of the moment." Thus, when the subscription for the monument to Voltaire was opened by the Siecle, the works of Voltaire were in great demand. The remarkable popularity of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels was caused "by the crusade directed against the pretended warlike tendencies of last year."

Curative Powers of Electricity.—The medical galvanists and all who have any faith in the curative powers of electricity, will be glad to hear that the French minister of public instruction is about to institute some curious experiments, suggested by one Dr. Poggidi, on electrification as a cure for diseases not only of the body but of the mind. According to the doctor, you have only to submit children physically and morally weak to the action of electricity from an ordinary machine to see them grow and strengthen, and acquire an aptitude for work and facility of learning to which they were strangers before the treatment. He has tested his system in many cases of youths suffering from mental depression, nervous excitement, and the attendant corporeal evils, and, as he and his supporters say, has been successful to an astounding degree. When he first divulged his system of electrical gymnastics, and told his stories to the Paris academy of sciences, he was laughed at. This was three years ago; in the interval he has seemingly gained a better hearing, and now the lyceum of the prince imperial, at Vannes, is to be made a proving-house for his system.

THE SURE REFUGE.

Oh! I know the Hand that is guiding me
Through the shadow to the light,
And I know that all betiding me
Is meted out aright.
I know that the thorny path I tread
Is ruled with a golden line,
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread
The brighter the rich design.

When faints and fails each wilderness hope,
And the lamp of faith burns dim,
Oh! I know where to find the honey-drop
On the bitter chalice brim;
For I see, though veiled from my mortal sight,
God's plan is all complete,
Though the darkness at present be not light,
And the bitter be not sweet.

I can wait till the day-spring shall overflow,
The night of pain and care;
For I know there's a blessing for every woe,
A promise for every prayer.
Yes, I feel that the Hand which is holding me
Will ever hold me fast,
And the strength of the arms that are folding me
Will keep me to the last.

—*Crewdson.*

The Deacon and the Wasps.—A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The Divine Word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasions for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action.

One hot day he was engaged in mowing with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps," was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion;" and taking the workman's swath, he moved but a step when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfiture.

"Ah!" shouted the other, with a chuckle, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture in a mowing field.

At a supper party at which Dumas was present, the lady of the house called upon him, in the name of the other guests, to say something brilliant and witty. "Pray do so, Monsieur Dumas," she said, when he did not seem to listen to her; "say something witty; that is your business; you are doing so every day." "Ah," replied Dumas, "if you look upon the matter in that light, I am ready to do so, provided all the other guests give us likewise a specimen of their business. Pray, sir," he continued, turning to an artillery officer sitting on his left, "commence, and fire off a cannon-shot. It will be my turn next."

A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life will penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition. Even in intellectual culture the ripest knowledge is the best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So the trivial services of social life are the best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skillfully organized by the deepest and fairest heart.

Advertisements.

PACIFIC RAILWAY GOLD LOAN.

Messrs. Dabney, Morgan & Co., 53 Exchange Place, and M. K. Jesup & Co., 12 Pine Street, N. Y., offer for sale the Bonds of the Kansas Pacific Railway. These Bonds pay seven per cent. in Gold; have thirty years to run; are Free from Government Taxation; are secured by a Land Grant of Three Million Acres of the Finest Lands in Kansas and Colorado. In addition to this special grant the Company also owns Three Millions of Acres in Kansas, which are being rapidly sold to develop the country and improve the road. They are a first mortgage upon the extension of the road from Sheridan, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado. The road in operation *now earns more than enough net income to pay the interest on the new loan.* There is no better security in the market—this being in some respects better than Government Securities. *Principal and Interest payable in Gold.* Price 96, and accrued Interest, in Currency. Pamphlets, Maps and Circulars furnished on application.

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HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

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OF THE

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To Monsieur Hudson."

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